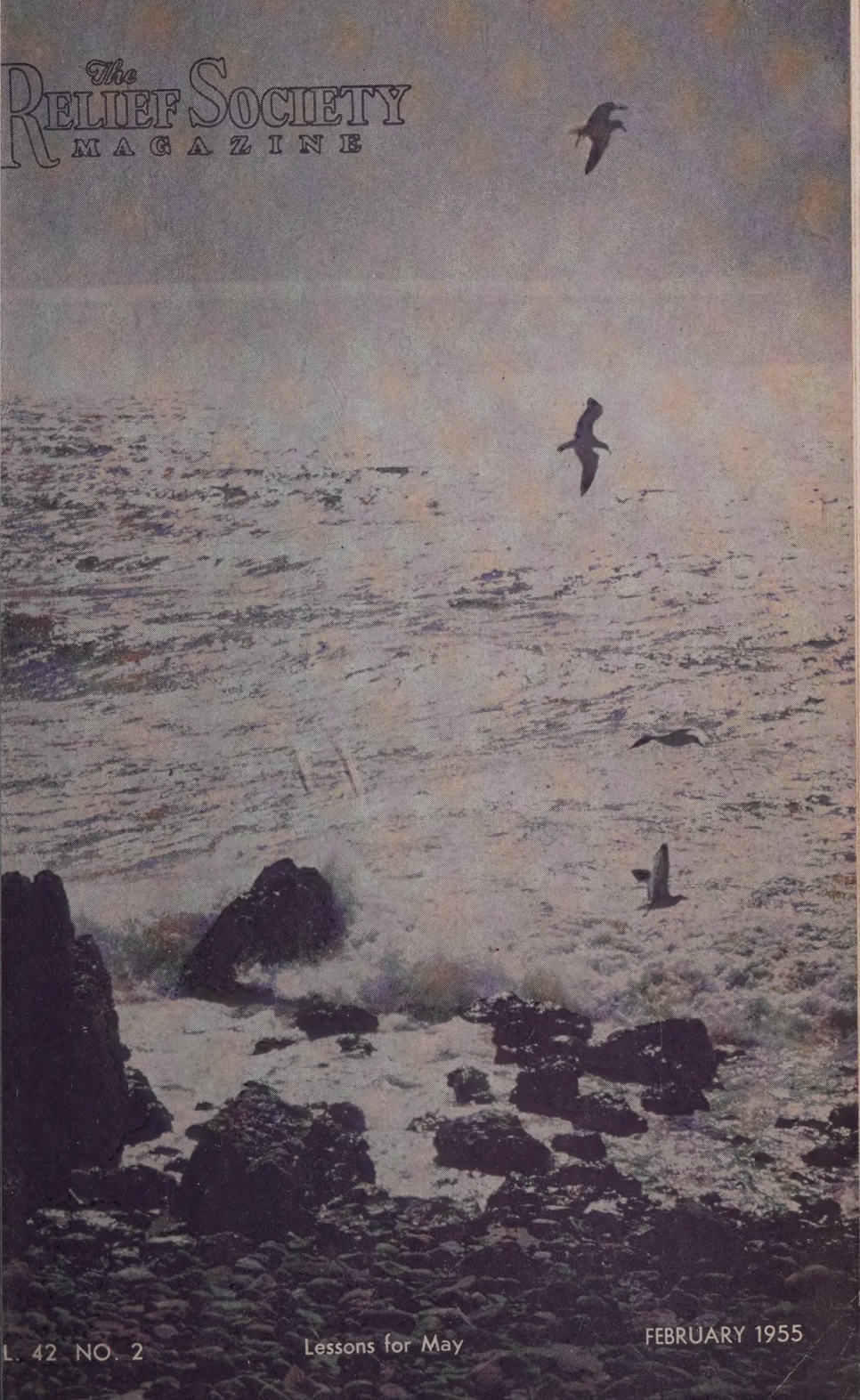
The Relief Society Magazine



L. 42 NO. 2

Lessons for May

FEBRUARY 1955

Poet's Mother

Maryhale Woolsey

Through all my years I marveled at the earth's unending wonders—
The spring's green revelations, the resplendent lures of fall;
A mountain's crown of snow, the vast mysterious sweep of ocean,
A twilight's calm serenity, blue and heaven-tall.
I could hear the winds and trees exchange their secret whispers,
Watch the stars flash messages across the arcs of night—
Cosmic signal-fires to which my heart responded, leaping;
But never mine were words that could transcribe their singing light.
Terrible, the yearning for songs denied the lips—
Like diamonds just beyond the reach of straining fingertips!
Terrible, when raptured heart and mind, inadequate,
Are doomed to aching silence . . . inarticulate!

. . . But I have borne a child for whom the wild white winds sing clearly,
For whom the lore of ages is revealed in simple code;
Whose pen can trace the sun-sparked crystal pattern of the morning,
Or deftly limn dark treasure from a midnight's ebon lode.
My child runs tiptoe on the heights where I would grope and tremble;
Knows cool, green-curving, fluid trails to ocean's coral caves;
Speaks languages of storms and deserts, kings and peasant shepherds,
Shares dreams of princesses, and feels the chains of ancient slaves.

All those elusive messages that teased my straining ear,
My child translates to lilting lines for all the world to hear;
My heart's old painful longings are eased as I rejoice
To recognize the urgent words—in my child's lifted voice.

The Cover: "Pattern of Birds and Waves," at Castle Rock Beach, California
Photograph by Ward Linton

Frontispiece: "Desert Fingers" (Ocotillo—Foquiera splendens) Southern California
Photograph by Josef Muench

From Near and Far

Just a word of appreciation this morning for *The Relief Society Magazine* which comes to us each month with its wonderful message, here in the Banning Branch in sunny California. We are thankful for the *Magazine*. Its precious contents are a blessing to women. The courses in theology, literature, and social science are inspiring adventures in the fields of spirituality, literature, and government, and help fill in the gaps in the early teaching and training of many a life. These courses in these studies are equal to college courses. The stories in the *Magazine* are beautiful, inspirational, and restful when the mind is weary. The poetry is delightful, too. We welcome and enjoy this good book.

—Romania B. Benson
Beaumont, California

Thank you for *The Relief Society Magazine*. I wait more or less patiently from month to month, and when it comes I put everything else aside until I have read it from cover to cover. I have been "exposed" to this wonderful *Magazine* all of my life. My mother took it all her married life. I can remember as I grew older and loved to read I would go down our old cellar and get all of mother's old *Relief Society Magazines* and spend many a happy hour reading them. Now I read with great interest the Woman's Sphere page by Ramona W. Cannon, and especially the birthday congratulations.

—Mrs. Agnes Young
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Congratulations to President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. for the happy laugh he gave us in the December number of our *Magazine* (page 811). When we look at the happiness on his face we cannot help but feel that all is well . . . . President Budge's eldest daughter, eighty-five years old, and I look at this picture in the morning and it gives us an uplift. Also, the smiles of President McKay and President Richards are very sweet and helpful to us all. Each Magazine seems the very best.

—Lettie B. H. Rich
Logan, Utah

I received my first two copies of *The Relief Society Magazine* three days ago as a gift from my mother. These *Magazines* were very welcome, as they are the only contact I have had with the Church for some time. There are two branches here on the island, but neither is close enough for us to attend regularly. I especially enjoy the religious fiction, as interesting, moral fiction is hard to come by on an army post.

—Joyce Nelson
Camp Lasey, Puerto Rico

I have had *The Relief Society Magazine* by a California cousin as a Christmas gift for several years. Although I am a nonmember of the Church, I would not want to be without this fine publication. My mother used to read it before she died, and called it a "pick-up" magazine, because the articles were short and could be finished before she had to go on to other duties.

—Frances Strong Helman
Indiana, Pennsylvania

I read several times the stories, lessons, and poems, and since I especially enjoy cooking and homemaking, I refer again and again to the recipe sections and handicraft articles. I find the *Magazine* perfect in both size and content. It can be held easily in one hand, and the articles can usually be read at one sitting. I keep the back issues close by in the bookcase, so that I can reread them, and often I find an article or poem that seems to carry just the message I need when I am tired or blue. The *Magazine* is an inspiration and a guide to the young mothers of the Church.

—Mrs. Janell Arrington
Twin Falls, Idaho

Each new issue of the *Magazine* brings me added wealth of knowledge as well as spiritual uplift. I enjoy each lesson and feel that I am greatly benefited by the courses of study as outlined and presented.

—LeNore J. Parker
Layton, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Relief Society and the General Church Welfare Program

Elder Henry D. Moyle

Of the Council of the Twelve

(Address Delivered at the Annual General Relief Society Conference, September 29, 1954)

And behold, I tell you these things that ye may learn wisdom; that ye may learn that when ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God (Mosiah 2:17).

WE start out with the premise that welfare work is service to our fellow men. It is the means by which we can fulfill in a large measure the second great commandment which in importance is like unto the first. By satisfying our obligation to others, we aid in bringing to pass one of the great purposes of the gospel restored in these latter days.

Elder James L. Barker wrote the following passage in his Priesthood manual for this present year:

The gospel had been so contaminated that religion was coming to be not the "doing of the will," but what can I get for myself with the least effort. Salvation for many was not eternal progression and service to one's neighbor, but escaping the fires of hell, by means of the rites of the Church. The idea, What can I do to help in the work of the Lord, seems to have been largely lost, crowded out by the thought, Can I continue in my more or less sinful life unchanged and then, by reason of a baptism postponed as long as possible, die with all sins forgiven? (Barker, James L.: *The Divine Church*, volume 3, page 7).

The First Presidency, in commenting on the future of the Welfare Plan, said:

God's law has always been "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The Church Security Plan will help us immeasurably to fulfill this law. The plan has wrought a great work. It is a work that must be done if we are to be what we are pretending to be—brothers and sisters in the Gospel.

It is my testimony to you that President Grant was inspired to begin this work and this plan, and it stands on an equality with the Relief Society, the Primary, the Sunday School and the M.I.A. And furthermore, just as these organizations have grown and developed with the experience and needs of the people, and so are not what they were at the beginning, so will this plan grow and develop, and if the time comes when we do not need it, we will not use it, but until that time comes, this will be a permanent thing.

This world is moving into a new era. I know of no responsible authority who challenges the forecast that within the next few years we shall, in the normal course, suffer a depression far more serious, affecting intimately far greater numbers of people, than the one we are now finishing (Stewart, Walker, and McGavin, *Priesthood and Church Welfare*, page 297).

Nor was this doctrine new in the Church in 1936 when the First Presidency announced the plan which we now call the Church Welfare. In line with this plan, President Joseph F. Smith said:

It has always been a cardinal teaching with the Latter-day Saints that a religion

that has not the power to save people temporally and make them prosperous and happy here cannot be depended upon to save them spiritually and to exalt them in the life to come (Bowen, Albert E., *The Church Welfare Plan*, page 36).

In the words of President Brigham Young:

I have Zion in my view constantly. We are not going to wait for angels, or for Enoch and his company to come and build up Zion, but we are going to build it. We will raise our wheat, build our houses, fence our farms, plant our vineyards and orchards, and produce everything that will make our bodies comfortable and happy, and in this manner we intend to build up Zion on the earth and purify it and cleanse it from all pollutions. Let there be an hallowed influence go from us over all things over which we have any power; over the soil we cultivate, over the houses we build, and over everything we possess; and if we cease to hold fellowship with that which is corrupt and establish the Zion of God in our hearts, in our own houses, in our cities, and throughout our country, we shall ultimately overcome the earth, for we are the lords of the earth; and, instead of thorns and thistles, every useful plant that is good for the food of man and to beautify and adorn will spring from its bosom (J. D. 9:284).

We never ought to be without three or five years of provisions on hand (J. D. 3:196).

IN the furtherance of the Welfare Plan we have endeavored to keep in sight the original assignment given us by President Grant in April of 1936.

Our primary purpose was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift and self-respect be once more established amongst our people. The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle in the lives of our Church membership (Bowen, Albert E.: *The Church Welfare Plan*, page 42; see also *Welfare Plan Handbook of Instructions*, page 1).

Is there a passage of scripture anywhere of greater importance to us?

It is wonderful to contemplate that we thus received the mind and the will of the Lord, direct through his prophet to his people, to direct them in the course in which they should walk to fulfill their purposes on earth and set upon a hill, as it were, an ensign pointing the way for all mankind. No wonder the *Los Angeles Times* wrote at that time:

Apparently they are not trying to frighten anybody, but the Mormons are getting ready for the next depression. As a unit they are preparing storehouses filled with food and clothing to "take care of their own."

Their leaders say that they have no idea when the next era of bad times will strike, but that it will come. This is not the view of alarmists. It is a sensible precaution against the hazards of the future.

The idea is old, that of laying up for lean years in times of plenty. But ordinary people and ordinary nations do not act upon the obvious common sense of such a program. They live from hand to mouth, with no practical preparation for the perils ahead.

This country at the moment has every outward indication of prosperity. Yet, instead of laying up any substance, it is plunging headlong into deeper debt and assuming profligate obligations. It seemingly has learned nothing from the past.

The Mormons have been noted for their canniness and ability to presage the trend of the times. Like the busy ant, they can be watched profitably. Their example will bear following (*Priesthood and Church Welfare*, page 296).

Articles of similar import have appeared in newspapers and periodicals since that time. The end is not yet, the prophetic utterances of the Presidency are fulfilled only in part. Much more is yet to come.

PRESIDENT David O. McKay, addressing a special meeting of stake presidencies, October 2, 1936, said:

I do not know of any activity with which we have been associated which promises more fruitful results in temporal and spiritual achievement than this Church Security Program . . . . It is going to stand out in Church history as significant . . . . Brethren, I congratulate you with all my heart. You are not doing it for yourselves, but for others and for the Lord, by providing, and contributing to the progress and success of the Church.

To the General Conference next day, he said:

Throughout this Conference frequent reference has been made, and appropriately so, to the plan inaugurated by the General Authorities of the Church for the relief of those who are unemployed. It is at present one of our greatest, and one of the most important concerns of the Church. During the few minutes allotted to me I desire to call attention to the spiritual value of this important and far-reaching undertaking.

In the 29th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants, we are told that ". . . all things unto me are spiritual, and not at any time have I given unto you a law which was temporal; neither any man, nor the children of men; neither Adam, your father, whom I created.

"Behold, I gave unto him that he should be an agent unto himself; and I gave unto him commandment, but no temporal commandment gave I unto him, for my commandments are spiritual; they are not natural nor temporal, neither carnal nor sensual" (D. & C. 29:34-35).

The development of our spiritual nature should concern us most. Spirituality is the highest acquisition of the soul, the divine in man; "the supreme, crowning gift that makes him king of all created things." It is the consciousness of victory over self and of communion with the infinite. It is spirituality alone which really gives one of the best in life.

It is something to supply clothing to the scantily clad, to furnish ample food to those whose table is thinly spread, to give activity to those who are fighting desperately the despair that comes from enforced idleness, but after all is said and done, the greatest blessings that will accrue from the Church Security Plan are spiritual. Outwardly, every act seems to be directed toward the physical: re-making of dresses and suits of clothes, canning fruits and vegetables, storing foodstuffs, choosing of fertile fields for settlement—all seem strictly temporal, but permeating all these acts, inspiring and sanctifying them, is the element of spirituality (Bowen, Albert E.: *The Church Welfare Plan*, page 43-44).

From my own viewpoint, and that deep down in my heart, I am everlastingly grateful to my Heavenly Father for the opportunity I have had to participate in this great work. It will not be too long until some of us can celebrate our twentieth anniversary in this work. Each succeeding year has added joy and satisfaction to that of the past. What a wonderful heritage welfare workers throughout the Church have stored for themselves in heaven where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal" (Mt. 6:20). Not the least of these treasures has been the close association with men and women whose lives have likewise been dedicated to help others, and especially to help others to help themselves.

I know what it is to assist in this

work in the ward and quorum and stake and region as well as on the General Committee. In fact, my experience goes back ten years before the organization of the General Committee in 1936.

The Relief Society in our stake had their own welfare project even before my day. It still stands as a monument to the love, devotion, and unselfishness, and above all, the resourcefulnses of our Relief Society sisters. I speak of the Cottonwood Stake Maternity Hospital in Murray where it was common to see our sisters sewing, canning, washing, and ironing and making possible the service there rendered to those who really were in need. The spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood engendered by the program has led us to heights otherwise unattainable.

"The closer the connection in a business point of view that a community hold themselves together, the greater will be their joy and wealth" (*The Church Welfare Plan*).

To work, to sacrifice, to give, together, for the blessings of others make us truly brethren and sisters. We learn each other's virtues and do not emphasize the human frailties that are inherent in us all. As we work together on temporal projects we prepare ourselves for service in the highest of spiritual attainments. We receive strength to serve God, obediently, and to set the world an example worthy of emulation, such as Sister Spafford set the women of the world in their great conference in Helsinki in Finland, this summer, and elsewhere throughout Europe where she traveled representing the Relief Society board, and in fact, the Church at large. She, rather than I, should be reporting to you the results of her labors abroad, the manner in which the spirit of Welfare work has fired the imagination of our Saints in Europe. I hope she tells you in this conference, in particular, the work of the Swiss saints in helping their less fortunate brothers and sisters in Austria. It has been a source of great inspiration to have had the general presidency of the Relief Society as advisors to our General Welfare Committee all these many years. Whatever the accomplishments of our Welfare work may be, we can truly say that the Relief Society made them possible in very large measure.

I love the statements of the Prophet Joseph Smith, familiar to every Relief Society worker:

> . . . to illustrate the object of the society—That the society of sisters might provoke the brethren to good works in looking to the wants of the poor—searching after objects of charity, and in administering to their wants (Relief Society Minutes, March 17, 1842; see also *The Relief Society Magazine*, vol. 2, January 1915, pp. 20-21; *A Centenary of Relief Society*, pp. 14-17).

> This is a charitable society, and according to your natures; it is natural for females to have feelings of charity and benevolence. You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms.
>
> If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom! If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. (D.H.C. vol. IV, page 605).

> . . . . The society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls (Relief Society Minutes, June 9, 1842).

THIS brings me to consideration of today's problems. Regardless of our successes of the past, the result of our past faithfulness, we have not reached a point where we can rest on our oars, as it were, and sail along without continued effort. As in all great movements, the final test is one of endurance. I am willing to concede that to date we have fairly well met our responsibility. What successes we have had should serve to magnify within ourselves wherein we have failed. Our constant effort is to illuminate the imperfections one by one, and overcome and eliminate them. From the outset we have had to be patient and craved patience from all. One of our problems which will always be with us is inherent in our form of organization. We function throughout the Church on a strictly volunteer basis. The inevitable result is a relatively frequent turnover in our officers and workers.

By way of digression, I wish I had the necessary statistics to come to an accurate conclusion. I believe, however, you have less turnover in the Relief Society than in any other Church organization. If this be true, it is a further reason for your great stability. Even in the Relief Society there is occasion to revert back to fundamentals and not take for granted, because some principle or practice is well understood by you, that all other Relief Society workers are in the same state of understanding.

It is one of the difficulties under which the General Welfare Committee labors—to be ever alert to the needs for instruction in the fundamental principles of our work. Our problem continues to be two fold. The first is to meet the im mediate needs of families in distress communities stricken with calamity individuals needing help; medical food, clothing, employment, etc.

Our annual allocation of product to be produced in our program fo distribution is of prime importance We have in the past referred to i as the "budget." It is a budget fo distribution prepared upon the basi of need. At the same time it be comes the objective of the ward stake, and region, in their annua production program. The very foun dation of our work, because it is a annual necessity, we seek to estab lish ourselves in this respect on a permanent basis. Most stakes hav projects upon which this budget i produced. Those which do not, ar constantly urged to acquire projects It is our aim to eliminate the neces sity for annual cash contributions t our program. If the leadership o the program is followed, this can b accomplished. This is definitel true when projects are once ac quired, maintained, and paid for and thereafter efficiently operated.

THE second great subdivision o our work is to give more perma nent, lasting beneficial help to th individual and the family, and t the community to make them self sustaining. Except for the sick, th infirm, and the incapacitated, w succeed best when we accomplish our second great objective in th shortest time possible. We should never be content to rely upon a storehouse order for our relief when it is possible to find gainful employ ment for our people. We have ou projects—we perfect year by yea

our means of producing our commodities for distribution; our ability to survey the needs of our people. Our distribution of the supplies where needed improves each year, and the cost decreases. This will continue to be the case to the degree to which we see to it that those who receive help are used to produce the same. May it soon be said of our program that those who receive help are the ones who produce what they receive, with the exception, of course, of those who are incapacitated.

We have a long way to go to fulfill our second mission. This is a matter that could profitably be considered and discussed by every welfare committee in the Church, at each meeting. It is a matter that should call for weekly consideration from the Ward Welfare Committee —the establishment of the family on a sound, self-sustaining basis.

I must tell you of one recent step forward. We are even now, as we meet here, busy establishing a rag rug industry. You should acquaint yourselves with this project. Its operation can be made almost Churchwide. We will need rags. They must be cut into strips and sewed together—a work which the homebound can do. There seems to be almost no limit to what can be accomplished to assist those who need help to establish themselves on a sound, self-sustaining basis. This, I emphasize, is our prime objective.

By far the greatest opportunity we have is to place our people in gainful employment, in business, commerce, industry, and all other gainful activities for which we can qualify our people.

Such make-work activities as we have in the Church, and we have many, are for the benefit of those receiving aid. They should not be manned by others except in cases of emergency or necessity. It is the responsibility of you leaders in the Relief Society, as you officiate in your own wards and stake regional welfare committees, to distribute the work among those who need it, to encourage them to accept the responsibility, so far as they are capable, for their own sustenance.

Thus a twofold purpose is served. First, we have a chance to work for what we get, and second, we learn how to work for ourselves, and thus accomplish the second great objective.

FROM the foregoing, the duties of the respective welfare workers are readily discernible. The Relief Society president co-ordinates the work of the Relief Society with the work of the Ward Welfare Committee, under the direction of the bishop. One counselor is a work director, just as a bishop's counselor officiates in a similar capacity. One is an employment counselor for the sisters, with her counterpart found in the bishopric. Thus, the two great branches of our work are carried on under the inspired leadership of the Ward Welfare Committee whose chairman is the bishop.

I commend the *Welfare Plan Handbook of Instructions* to you sisters to read and to study as to the duties of the three officials heading the ward Welfare Committee.

Relief Society President: Make home visits. Analyze requirements of needy families for report to bishop. Prepare bishops orders for bishop's approval.

Relief Society Employment Counselor: Collect and clear employment opportunities for women and girls of ward. Cooperate with ward employment counselor in securing employment for women and girls of ward whose situations require them to be bread winners.

Relief Society Work Director: Cooperate with ward work director: (1) in providing work opportunities for female ward welfarees; (2) in providing female workers to fill ward work assignments. Assist ward welfarees in producing own clothing. Supervise clothing production for bishops storehouses (*Welfare Plan Handbook of Instructions,* Chart 3, page 10).

It is the duty of every ward bishop in the Church, with the assistance of his ward Relief Society president, to know the individual needs of his ward members and to understand the causes of that need. It may arise from any one of a number of unfavorable circumstances, such as injuries, infirmity, unemployment, lack of education, poor management, or physical or mental deficiency. (*Welfare Plan Handbook of Instructions,* pp. 55-56).

An intelligent study should be made of the circumstances of every needy individual or family in the ward. This study should be repeated as often as circumstances change. It may be made by the bishop personally. In most cases, however, he will want to have it done by the ward Relief Society president, who will submit to the bishop her report and recommendation. Careful consideration should be given to all known factors, both in the administration of immediate aid and in working out a long-range rehabilitation program. The directions and forms prepared and furnished by the Relief Society General Board under the title "Family Visits," if understandingly followed will be very helpful and should be used in making these family studies . . . (*Welfare Plan Handbook of Instructions,* page 56).

In so far as possible, bishops are to supply the needs of their people by issuing itemized bishops' orders on storehouse stocks. It is recommended that ward Relief Society presidents be called upon to prepare such orders for the bishop's signature (*Welfare Plan Handbook of Instructions,* page 57).

I want to conclude with a further statement made by President David O. McKay at a Salt Lake regional meeting held in Salt Lake City, February 1937:

You are, as it were, in the front lines and trenches tonight. The necessary material is in your hands and I hope in your minds and in your hearts, and you are ready to go "over the top" to meet the enemy. Perhaps you do not like this connotation of war, but we are engaged in a war—a war against idleness; a war against depression, war against social enmity. We are going to fight for the establishing of brotherhood and of cooperation, two fundamental principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Stewart, Walker and McGavin, *Priesthood and Church Welfare,* page 267).

The President further said:

The Church Security Plan has not come up as a mushroom over night. It is the result of inspiration, and that inspiration has come from the Lord . . . . Those who have selfishness in their hearts would like to see it fail, but it is not going to fail (Bowen, Albert E.: *The Church Welfare Plan,* page 3).

Our beloved Brother Bowen once wrote: "It is an immutable law of life that mental or spiritual growth comes only out of self-effort."

Brigham Young said:

The riches of a kingdom or nation do not consist so much in the fulness of its treasury as in the fertility of its soil and the industry of its people (*Discourses of Brigham Young,* chapter 26, page 297).

Our Welfare Program, my beloved sisters, is built upon faith. May the Lord continue to give us the faith to carry on I pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

A Home for Holly

Mabel S. Harmer

MABEL S. HARMER

NINA had just finished adjusting her hat when the door chimes rang. "Oh, no!" she groaned. "Not someone else!" She picked up her gloves and ran downstairs. Thank goodness, whoever it was could see that she was all ready to go out.

A small woman stood in the doorway, plain of face and plain of dress. Somehow or other Nina got the impression that she was younger than she looked. "Good morning," she said nervously. "I have a very fine line of lingerie."

"I'm so sorry," Nina interrupted. "But I'm already late for a very important appointment. If you're in the neighborhood some other time I'll be glad to talk with you."

"Thank you," said the woman, closing her half-open case. Before she turned away she glanced into the pretty living room and Nina caught a fleeting look of hunger.

The woman left and Nina rushed into the kitchen for the baby basket. She put it on the floor of the car and started for the Home. The day had finally come! She was really going to get a baby. It was all but incredible.

In spite of her elation she couldn't get her mind off the woman at the door. Or maybe it was because of that. If only everyone else in all the world could be as happy as she was! But no, that wasn't possible. Hardly anyone else, at this very moment, was driving to get a lovely baby girl. A baby that she had ached for almost every hour of her ten years of married life.

She parked her car near the driveway and stepped out, so excited that she was actually trembling. As she walked along the path her eyes were caught by a slight movement overhead. She glanced up and saw a girl of about ten perched in the limb of a tree.

For a moment the child, caught unawares, stared at Nina with the same look of hunger she had seen in the woman's eyes. But the in-

stant she realized Nina was watching her the look changed to one of insolence. She actually stuck out her tongue.

Nina stopped short for a moment. She wanted to say something. Just what she didn't know. Then, before she could find any words, the child dropped from the tree and ran swiftly around the corner of the Home.

Nina walked more slowly now. Some of the bright joy had gone out of her day. She tried to put the child out of her mind. Surely she must have imagined that brief look of hunger in the child's eyes because she had been thinking of the woman canvasser.

Inside the front hall the secretary said, "Oh, hello, Mrs. Warburton, this is your day, isn't it?"

Yes, thought Nina, this was her day. This was the wonderful day when she would finally get Anne to take home, to put in the pink bassinette and to love and cuddle all she liked.

She walked into the next room, where Mrs. Maxwell, the matron of the Home, was seated at her desk. "I do hope I'm not late," Nina apologized. "I've had so many interruptions."

"Not at all," smiled Mrs. Maxwell. "A few minutes one way or another wouldn't matter. Sit down, will you, and I'll send Miss Daniels up to get her."

NINA was too impatient to sit. She walked over to the window and looked out in the yard where two score boys and girls were playing about. "Are all of these children up for adoption?" she asked.

"Oh, no. Some are here because their parents can't care for them—broken homes, you know, and various other reasons. Some of them are available, of course, but there's very little demand for the older children. A woman feels that a child is more her own if she has her from the start. We do have chances every once in a while to put them into homes. But we have to be very careful that a family really wants to take care of a child and not just get some cheap help with the housework."

"There's a girl I'd like to ask you about. There, that one in the blue dress, swinging the little one. Is she up for adoption?"

Mrs. Maxwell walked over to the window. "That's Holly. Yes, she has been ever since she was two. She's a nice youngster—very helpful with the younger children, but she's such a plain little thing that no one has ever wanted her."

"I might," said Nina impulsively. "Would you care to let her go home with me for a few weeks? It's just a sudden notion on my part."

"Why, yes, we could let her go—since there's no school right now. Of course, you mustn't let Holly get her hopes up that it might be a permanent arrangement."

"I'll be careful," she promised.

"I'll send someone to call her in. Perhaps you'd like to talk with her for a few minutes. Then if you decide you really want to take her along she can pack her things while we're getting the baby ready."

Nina was sorry for the girl as she came into the room. One glance at the visitor, and she was evidently sure that she had been called in for a reprimand.

She tried at once to put the child

at ease with a pleasant smile. "I've been talking with Mrs. Maxwell about taking you home with me for a little vacation. Would you like to go?"

Holly said nothing. She simply looked uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Warburton is taking Anne home with her for adoption," explained Mrs. Maxwell. "Since you are so fond of the baby, we thought you might like to go along for a few weeks and sort of help her get acquainted in her new home."

Holly nodded. "I guess it will be all right," she said.

"Run along and pack some clothes, then," said Mrs. Maxwell. "Gretta will give you a box to put them in."

"She doesn't seem to want to go," remarked Nina after Holly had left.

Mrs. Maxwell hesitated. "It may be because she's suspicious. Remember she knows nothing of you. The older girls find it hard to believe that anyone could want them for themselves alone. They've heard too many stories of orphan girls becoming household drudges. It would be especially true with a plain child like Holly."

"Poor little things," murmured Nina. "I wish that I could take them all."

A girl brought in the baby, and she forgot everything else in all the world as she took Anne in her arms. "She's perfect! Absolutely perfect. I still can't believe she's really mine."

"I'm very happy for you, too," beamed Mrs. Maxwell. "And I think the good luck isn't all on one side. Anne is going to be a very fortunate baby. We have a wide choice of parents for our little ones, you know."

"I know." Nina glanced up as Holly came into the room. She had on a dress of some hideous shade of green. In her arms she carried a large cardboard box.

"All ready?" asked Nina brightly.

"Yes, Ma'am," was the unsmiling response.

They went out to the car. Nina put the baby in the basket and said, "You may keep an eye on her in case I have to stop quickly."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Nina wished that the girl would say something else for a change, she was so uncompromising.

When they reached the house Matt was standing on the front steps. "I had to knock off early to greet the family," he said, "and render some expert advice, in case you need it." Then he caught sight of the girl on the back seat.

"This is Holly," explained Nina brightly. "She's come to visit us."

"Fine," grinned Matt cordially. "Come right in."

Holly followed them into the house and stood in the hallway until Nina said, "Our guest room is the first one to the right at the top of the stairs. Will you find your way up?"

The girl went up, and they saw no more of her until dinner time.

"How come?" asked Matt, indicating the guest room with a jerk of the head.

"I can't explain it," confessed Nina. "She looked so forlorn I simply had to take her. I couldn't bear to leave her there."

"But is that fair? Suppose she gets to liking it here? It will be much harder for her to leave."

"I know. I did it on impulse, and I guess it wasn't a very wise one. I could at least have slept on it. Maybe it was because I was so happy, I couldn't bear to see anyone else unhappy. Especially a child."

"Just how unhappy did she look?" asked Matt with a smile.

"She was near the gate when I came in—up in a tree. She didn't expect me to see her, but I happened to glance up. I can't explain the look in her eyes, but I had to do something about it. So I brought her home."

"Well, she doesn't seem exactly overjoyed to be here."

"No," agreed Nina, "but I think it's because she's suspicious."

"Suspicious of what? Of you? Impossible."

"Of me—of everyone. She can't believe that anyone would want her just for herself."

"That I can imagine," said Matt. "I never saw such a homely little wench."

"It's the clothes and the hairdo. Partly, anyway. I could do a lot with her."

"But you've just acquired a new baby. Remember?"

"As if I could forget!" cried Nina. "You watch her while I get dinner on and make up her formula."

Trying to do the two jobs at once proved more taxing than she had supposed, and she was half an hour late with dinner. She went to the foot of the stairs, intending to call, but on second thought went up. When she opened the door to the guest room she found Holly sitting quietly on a chair. She had changed from the green taffeta to a gingham dress.

NINA was vaguely disturbed to see her sitting there so solemnly, but she said brightly, "Dinner is ready. We have some fresh halibut. I hope you like fish."

"Yes, Ma'am." It was Holly's stock answer. Evidently her only one to everything that was said.

She followed Nina downstairs and stopped by the pink bassinet long enough to pick up one of Anne's tiny fists. Then she went in and sat primly down at the table. When they were through eating she jumped up quickly and said, "I'll do the dishes."

Nina was about to refuse, but she reasoned that Holly would be happier if she were busy, so she replied, "Why, that will be a wonderful lift. I'll have my hands full getting the baby ready for bed." Then she added with a smile, "Or do you suppose we'll be walking the floor all night? I've heard that's the usual procedure with new babies."

"Not with babies from the Home." said Holly a trifle grimly.

She washed the dishes and started towards the stairs again.

"Oh, it's early," protested Nina. "Much too soon for bedtime. Wouldn't you like to go in the living room and watch the television?"

"No, thank you," replied Holly and went on upstairs.

Nina finished the other chores and dropped on the bed, worn out from the emotional strain of the day. "I wish Holly wouldn't be like that," she remarked. "I should think that any youngster would be glad for a holiday, or a change of some kind."

"Maybe she likes the Home and

doesn't want a change of any kind," suggested Matt, weighing his shoe carefully before he dropped it.

"No, she is starving for something. Something that I believe I could give her, if she would only let me."

"Isn't it possible that you only imagined that hungry look?"

"Possible, yes, but I hardly think so. It struck me too hard for that." But later she wondered. Could she be so absurd as to suppose that everyone else was yearning for the very things she had?

After breakfast the next morning, Holly asked, "What would you like me to do? Shall I start with the dishes?"

"You may do the dishes if you wish," Nina replied. "But I want you to do whatever will be the most fun. This is a holiday you know. There are a couple of girls in the neighborhood you might like for playmates."

"No, thank you. I'll help in the house."

She went ahead with the dishes while Nina bathed the baby and did the washing. As she was hanging the clothes on the line she thought, I've got to buy that child some decent clothes, and do something about her hair.

LATER in the day she dashed into town and bought four gay cotton dresses and a yellow linen for "best" wear. Holly was evidently pleased with them, but would put one on only when expressly asked to do so.

Each day Nina thought there would surely be a change, that Holly would relax and begin to enjoy herself, but after a week she still took no part in the family conversation and refused to go out and play.

Only with Anne was she her natural self. It was clear that she adored the baby.

Finally Matt said, "I'm getting sort of fed up having that glum kid around. Why don't you admit that you're getting nowhere and let her go back?"

Nina's round chin took on a firmer line. "Because I don't want to," she said. "I want to help her. I like her. I could love her, if she'd only let me."

"It couldn't be that your stubborn streak is showing, could it?" asked Matt, tweaking her ear. "You know how you hate to fail in anything."

"It could be," she admitted. "And I guess I can't make her like me, if she doesn't want to. I'd really love to keep her and adopt her along with the baby."

"Why don't you tell her so, then? Maybe that would make a difference."

"I don't dare. I had express orders not to. Until the six weeks probation time is up, anyway."

The next morning after Holly had finished shelling some peas Nina said impulsively, "You don't seem to be having any fun here at all. Do you want to go back to the Home?"

Holly sat taut for a moment. There was a fleeting look of protest on her face. Then she said in a tight voice, "I'm ready to go back any time you say."

If it hadn't been for the tightness in her voice Nina would have replied, "All right. We'll go now." Instead, she remarked with a smile, "But I don't wish. I only want you to have some fun."

She was canning peaches a few days later and honestly glad for Holly's help. As she was lifting out the last bottle from the hot water kettle it broke and slashed her wrist. From the way the blood was spurting she knew that she had cut an artery.

At her sharp cry Holly jumped up from the chair where she was peeling peaches, seized a tea towel and tore off a strip. Laying it over the wound, where Nina was attempting to hold back the flow of blood, Holly first put a peach stone on the towel just over the cut, then wound the ends back and made a knot through which she slipped a pencil from the memo pad.

She twisted it about until the worst of the flow had stopped. Then she cried, "You hold it. I'll call a doctor." She ran to the phone and called the first one in the book, a doctor whom Nina knew only by name.

An hour later when all danger was past, the doctor said to Holly, "That was a wonderful job you did. You probably saved her life. How did you learn to do it?"

"Oh, I've had some first-aid lessons," replied Holly shyly. "Then I saw a movie, too. I guess I didn't think much. I just knew that something had to be done."

"You were thinking, all right," said the doctor. "You just thought extra fast. It's amazing what the human mind will do sometimes in an emergency. Some folks go to pieces and can't even use the knowledge they have. Others, like this child here, will do things they didn't have the least notion they could."

Nina nodded. Now that the crisis was past she was interested only in dropping down on a bed.

HOLLY seemed glad to take over the household duties. She flew about doing nearly all of the work, caring for Anne and cooking the meals under Nina's direction, until the wrist had healed again.

On the morning that the six weeks' probation was up, Nina said to Matt, "I'd like to keep Holly for good. She seems happier and more contented since the accident. Is it all right with you?"

"Anything you want, darling, is all right with me," he replied. "And the child has certainly earned a home here if she wants it."

After he had gone to the office Nina said to Holly, "My dear, we'd like to keep you for good and adopt you along with Anne. Do you want to stay?"

There was a momentary flash of incredulous joy, then a long silence. Finally Holly said, "No, thank you. I'll go back to the Home."

Nina was amazed and bitterly disappointed. "I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I had hoped that you would learn to like it here. But you must be the one to decide. Would you like to go back today?"

"Yes, Ma'am. If you think you can get along without me."

"As far as the work goes—yes. If you want to pack I'll drive you back in the car."

Half an hour later she went upstairs. Holly had on the green taffeta dress and the cardboard box on the bed held only the old blue gingham.

"But your new dresses!" exclaimed Nina. "Aren't you going to take them?"

"If it's all right," answered Holly awkwardly. She went to the closet and took them down.

Nina was still puzzled. There was a barrier that hadn't been broken. How could she do it? There must be a way. There was. It offered only a slim chance but she would have to take it. "Holly," she said, "how would it be if I took Anne back to the Home and you stayed?"

Holly swung around. "The baby!" she cried. "But you couldn't give up the baby! *You love her.*"

"I love her very much indeed," agreed Nina. "But I love you just as much. I don't want to give you up either."

Tears rushed to Holly's eyes. "You really want me that much?" she cried brokenly.

"I really do. Why don't you want to stay?"

"Oh, but I do! I thought you were just willing to keep me because I had saved your life."

"My dear! My own dear little girl," whispered Nina, opening her arms. She held Holly close for a moment and then said, "Shall we go downstairs? I'm sure that Anne must be wondering what has happened to her mother and sister."

Mabel Spande Harmer, Salt Lake City, Utah, has achieved recognition as a writer of poetry, fiction, articles, and biographies. A former president, and many times an officer, of the Salt Lake Chapter of the League of Utah Writers, she has also served as State president of the League. Her short stories and her serials "The Lotus Eater" (1937-38) and "For the Strength of the Hills" (1951), are well-known to readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Mrs. Harmer's award for her story "A Home for Holly" marks her fifth appearance as a prize winner in the Relief Society Short Story Contest.

Mrs. Harmer's latest book *The Youngest Soldier*, is a story of pioneer days in Utah. At present she is at work on two juvenile biographies. "I divide my time between housekeeping and writing," Mrs. Harmer tells us, "swinging from one to the other with the greatest of ease. My husband is Earl W. Harmer, and we have five children. Three of them are married, and we have six grandchildren. I have had seven books published, and for the past seven years have written the children's story for *The Deseret News*. Recently I have addressed writers' conferences in Utah, Idaho, and California. I have served in all the women's auxiliary organizations of the Church and am currently teaching literature in the Garden Park Ward Relief Society."

Valentines for Mother

Bernice T. Clayton

I've said I love you truly in a hundred different ways,
From sugar hearts with mottoes sweet in kindergarten days,
Through weird handmade creations made with love and lace and glue,
Plus penciled words of poetry that told my love for you;

With stumbling, loving words and gifts I've struggled to reveal
The depth of the emotion and devotion that I feel,
So when you said you'd like a clock that you could see and hear
Its friendly, busy ticking sound, I bought you one, my dear,

A bossy, noisy little clock, my valentine for you.
To tell the time and mark each hour of love between us two.
Your clock still waits your gentle touch because I could not see
You'd have no need to measure time in God's eternity.

Don Knight

THE GRAND TETONS, WYOMING

Mountain Peak

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

It stands so quiet in its azure strength,
So tall and still above the city's din
And lesser peaks which rim the valley's length,
The highest point where dawn is ushered in!
The first to wear the wintry hood and flaunt
A cape of white, the last to let it go,
Feeding it back to meet the valley's want
In silver ravelings to fields below.
I would be lost and lonely on a plain
Without its height to focus dawn for me.
My eyes would weary soon of shimmering grain
In endless waves. My heart would always see
A changeless mountain pointing heavenward
And all the hills would call until I heard.

Green Willows

Chapter 1

Deone R. Sutherland

GREEN Willows is the name of our town. People say it came by its name logically long ago when pioneers, searching for settlements, came across our valley ribboned down the center by what became at once Willow River. Along the water grew wild, soft-green willows, with lush meadows fanning both sides to the hills. People have lived here ever since. Once I stayed with my Aunt Carolyn up in Orchard City, and it was like a toothache or a hurt in the heart until I could get back home again.

I was sitting on Pat Diffendorf's back stoop in Green Willows waiting for my friend Pat to pump up her bicycle tires. While most people had only one bicycle tire that leaked at a time, my best friend Pat had two. We always carried a bicycle pump with us when we went riding as a necessary part of our equipment—the same as the nickels in change tied in our handkerchiefs on our belts.

Pat stopped pumping for a minute to rest. It was very hot, and Pat was not as skinny as she used to be.

"You eat too much fudge," I told Pat.

"It is not the fudge," Pat said, simpering in a most revolting way. "This is the way we are supposed to start looking."

I held my mouth to keep from gagging and hooted derisively. From the back you couldn't tell me from my brother Beany or a board slat from a fence, and I was proud of it.

"Okay, Patty," I said, "but I think it's the fudge."

"Don't call me Patty; you know how I hate that name." Pat picked up her pump again.

"Patty!" Pat's mother came from inside the house. "If you girls are going selling your powdered drinks today, you had better get started. And don't go to Aunt Agnes' until the very last, do you hear? Not until you've been everywhere else. They buy far more than they should, and it's an imposition . . . . My word!" Mrs. Diffendorf paused a moment. "Your father's barn is on fire!"

It wasn't really; men were burning weeds along the ditchbank, and the smoke was blowing over. But there was one thing about it; it was very exciting to be around the Diffendorfs.

We sat on the stoop to get our breath after running to see the barn on fire before we started. Then we loaded the packages of Kold-ayde in our baskets. Each package made ten delicious glasses of drinks on hot summer days and all for one nickel. We didn't like the taste of it ourselves, we had drunk so much of it after long trips on our bikes, but we sold enough to keep us well supplied with ice-cream cones, and to create a certain amount of respect among our friends.

"I wonder why it always seems up hill no matter where we go," Pat said, puffing hard.

"If we didn't have to stop so often to pump up tires, we could make better time," I pointed out.

Where the houses were close together in the town, we did pretty well, but as the distances lengthened, we began to talk about giving it up for the day. "We haven't really made too much yet," Pat sighed. She tied up our money in her handkerchief again.

"Well, there's still your Aunt Agnes' that we haven't been to," I suggested.

"I hate to go up the hill," Pat began, then nodded resignedly. "We are going there last just as Mother said, because we're all through for the day except maybe up there."

WE stopped at the bottom of the hill to pump up Pat's tires. One of mine was a little low, so I put air in that, too. We stopped at a couple of houses on the way up, but no one answered the doors. Being on a hillside that way, people could see at a distance who was coming, and you couldn't surprise them into answering the door. Right at the last it was too hard to pump, so we got off and pushed our bikes the rest of the way.

Pat's aunts were named Diffendorf too. There were three of them, and Agnes was the oldest, then Margaret, and then Karen who was just graduating from college this very spring. I had heard Mother say she'd already signed to teach at Valley High, just like Agnes and Margaret.

"Where everybody else has no more than one old maid to a family, the Diffendorfs are different, as usual, and have three," I heard Mr. Olesen at the post office say one day. But everybody liked Agnes and the Diffendorfs. They were really nice to us anyway. "Bought enough drinks from these kids to float their house," my father said. We always just figured they liked to drink Kold-ayde.

Pat's Aunt Agnes sat at a table up on the big front porch. She was correcting papers. She always did that on Saturdays—inside in the winter and outside in the fall and spring. Soon it would be summer, and then when we came, she'd be digging in the garden with gloves on up to her elbows and a big hat to keep from freckling, and wearing a chin strap to fight the wrinkles. She was the oldest in the Diffendorf family. When her parents had both died, she had helped Pat's father get started in his business; then she had put Margaret through college and now Karen. We looked longingly at the bench swing under the big elm in the yard, but we pushed on up the path to the porch.

"Well, what a pleasant surprise," Aunt Agnes said with a smile. "I'll take ten; I don't dare take any more or your mothers will call me and give me the dickens."

"Which flavors?" Pat asked, sorting the packages.

"We've only got orange and grape left," I said.

"Well, that's a lot of orange, but I guess I'll take five of each." Aunt Agnes put down her pencil and stood up. "Here, sit down on the porch, girls; you're both red as beets. I'll go get my purse."

We sat down on the steps and fanned ourselves with packages of drinks. In a moment Pat's Aunt Margaret came out on the porch and sat down on the steps beside us. She was thin, with soft hair that blew a little when she walked. She was a wonderful dramatics teacher at Valley High. Everybody wanted to be

in her plays. Pat and I pulled our legs together and sat up. How did you impress a dramatics teacher so she noticed you when you tried out for parts? Mother said, "You've got plenty of years before you have to worry about that," but now it was only a couple of years away. Pat was sure she'd be noticed because, after all, the coach was her aunt, but Pat had no stage presence at all. She giggled and noticed the audience. I tried hard to think of something dramatic to do each time we came, but it was usually warm, and we were tired from the hill. Besides, Pat's Aunt Margaret didn't act as if she were very easily impressed.

"Would you like to pick some iris for your mother, Pat? You may also, Lillian, if you like." Margaret stood up and brushed at her hair and then smoothed her tweed skirt. She sat in Aunt Agnes' chair and fumbled with a pencil.

"They remind me of funerals," I said.

"It's too hot," said Pat. "They'd be wilted before we got home."

"You're probably right," said Aunt Margaret. "I like less lonely flowers myself—flowers that are smaller and friendlier . . . ."

BUT she wasn't looking at the flower garden, but off across the valley. Pat's Aunt Agnes came out with her purse. It was a big, old-fashioned purse with a long chain across the top to prevent losing anything.

"Your Aunt Margaret gets restless the end of every school year. You might mention to your mother, Pat, that she's talking of going to Europe this summer," Aunt Agnes explained.

"Well, why not?" Margaret closed her hands nervously. "I don't have to go to summer school. There's nothing to stop me. You could go, too, if you weren't so stubborn."

"I don't think so, this year at least," said Aunt Agnes, dumping her change out on the table. "You talk nonsense because you think you have to do something every minute to keep from enjoying life."

Margaret stood up and walked down the steps. "It is possible that I'll go, and I may take Karen with me, if you won't go." She fumbled with the bench swing a moment, and then walked around the house quickly beyond our view.

Just then a car stopped in front, and Karen got out. "Thanks so much for the ride home. Bye . . . ."

She came up the walk with her music under her arm. "We had a wonderful choir practice today. They're going to start on the *Messiah* month after next—imagine! Christmas is ages away yet. Hi, Pat. Hi, Lillian."

"Here you go, girls. Fifty cents. You can count it for yourselves."

Pat's Aunt Agnes always made us count the money twice to be sure we had the exact amount. When there was change, we always had to count it into her hand, or rather Pat did. Pat's mother said Pat was short in arithmetic, so her Aunt Agnes was always trying to help her.

"Sit down, Karen," Agnes said. "Margaret's out somewhere. Nobody's inside. You can study later. Karen's graduating in less than a month, girls. She's the last of us to finish college. Nobody can say that I didn't do well by my mother's family." Karen leaned over and gave

Agnes a hug. Then she sat down by us.

"Are you going to teach school at Valley High, Karen?" Pat asked.

Karen paused a moment, and then she smiled at Pat. "I guess I am," she said.

"Now, there's no better high school within a hundred miles or more of here, Karen. It would be silly to go someplace else to teach when you can live at home with us and go into teaching at the same school."

"I know," said Karen. She gave Agnes another half hug and stood up. "I think I'll go find Margaret."

Agnes sat down at her table and picked up her pencil. "Well, girls, we'll see you again next Saturday, I expect. There's fudge in the icebox, if you'd like some for your trip home."

WE went back through the dark, cool rooms to the kitchen and drank cool well water from the tap. Then we each took a piece of rich dark fudge with walnuts thick in it. We nibbled on it a little and let the creamy taste melt on our tongues. Then we had another drink and decided we must really get started back. We lingered a moment in the parlor looking at the photographs in the Diffendorf album that lay on a marble-topped table.

"Don't brush against any of the fern in there," Pat's Aunt Agnes called.

We hastily closed the album, but not before I'd caught a glimpse of a loose photograph of a younger Margaret, hand in hand with a boy poised with one foot on a fence.

"Why, who is that?" I asked Pat.

"You goose; that's over to Turners, across the street. Aunt Margaret and Dr. Turner, only he wasn't a doctor then. Don't you recognize our own doctor? That was about their first year in college. Mama said he'd have married Aunt Margaret, but she thought she ought to teach awhile to pay back Aunt Agnes for everything. Then Karen had to go to school, too, someday. Daddy had us, and he couldn't help out at all. He got married before he ever finished school."

"Well, Dr. Turner's not married now," I said. "Why don't they just get together again?"

Pat looked at me. "Aren't you even the slightest romantic? People just don't get together because it's convenient. Aunt Margaret teaches in the winter or goes to school or on vacations in the summer, so everybody in the town won't say she's after him the way they do about Myra Johnson. It would be worse for Aunt Margaret because they liked each other once."

"Well, I wouldn't want to marry a widower with a big boy almost our age, anyway," I said.

We shut the parlor door behind us and went down the front hall to the porch where we said goodbye. We looked for Margaret and Karen when we wheeled our bikes down the front path, but we didn't see them.

We stopped at the service station and got our tires filled with air. Then we went on down to Anastopolis' grocery store for ice-cream cones. It was friendlier buying them there than at the service station. People were always shopping there on Saturday for the week. We stood outside eating our cones.

"How much do you figure we made?" Pat asked.

"Well, after expenses, I think about forty cents. That's twenty for you and twenty for me."

"We made a penny on every package."

"We just spent a dime of it for refreshments," Pat reminded me.

"True," I said.

We wheeled our bikes slowly out to the street and started pedaling home.

"It's your turn to spend Sunday at my place," Pat said.

"I'll have to check with Mother to make sure," I said.

"Well, it is your turn. I was at your place last Sunday."

We took turns going home with each other after Sunday School, stayed to dinner, spent the afternoon, and then went to Church where we met our own folks.

I turned down our driveway. Pat rode on, waving with the stubb of her cone.

"How much did you make?" my father asked me at dinner.

"Twenty cents," I said.

"Minus five cents for your ice-cream cone—fifteen cents for a day's work. You could make more money baby sitting."

"This is more fun for her," Mother said, "and it keeps her out in the fresh air. How many packages did Pat's aunts buy?"

"Just five from each of us."

"Ten! Oh, Lillian, you shouldn't impose on them like that." Mother laid down her fork and looked at me.

"Say," said Father, "did you hear Dr. Mark Turner's bringing Philip back from his mother-in-law's for good soon as school is out. They need a good housekeeper since Mark's mother isn't too well."

MOTHER sighed, "Poor Mark. I don't know how he'll manage he's so busy. Gwennie's been gone over two years; you'd think . . . ." Mother looked at Beany and me and stopped.

"The boy must be about Lillian's age," Father said. "He can take care of himself."

"My age?" I looked up with interest. "Coming here to live for good!" I wondered if Pat knew about it. I guessed not or she would have told me immediately. I'd have something to tell her tomorrow. Life was so exciting in Green Willows.

Lillian's going to sleep in her mashed potatoes," said Father, "like the dormouse in his teapot."

I sat up straight. "Why didn't Dr. Turner marry Margaret Diffendorf?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Mother said shortly. She was never one to gossip. "Now hurry up. You have to help with the dishes and get your bath."

I hardly glanced at the reddening western sky through our dining room windows as I finished my dinner. I hoped I'd be the first to tell Pat about Philip. She was getting so silly about boys. I helped clear the table.

"Boy," said Beany, "girls are dumb—always thinking about boys." He carried his dishes into the kitchen.

I didn't bother answering him. I didn't feel too well. It was painful to swallow, but I didn't mention it. Everything would be all right tomorrow, I was sure.

(To be continued)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: Brothers and sisters who are early taught to be cheerfully, and lovingly helpful, and considerate towards each other will find in life great stores of pleasure and happiness which those who are not so taught will never know. Young people must have young associates in order to glean from youthful days and years all the richness and sweetness which they are calculated to contain. Where brothers and sisters are all to each other that they may be, and should be, there can be no proper estimate placed upon the true value of the love which exists between them . . . . I thank God that I was reared in a large family of tender, devoted, appreciative brothers and sisters.

—L. L. Greene Richards

THOUGHTS OF HOME

Afar from ocean's roar and brine
There is a distant western clime,
Round which my heart-strings fondly twine,
That is the home for me and mine,
Oh, may we there all safely meet,
And know the joys of home so sweet.

—E. R. Shipp

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN THATCHER (ARIZONA): Counselor Mary L. Ransome read a circular letter from President Zina D. H. Young and Secretary E. B. Wells on the necessity of making annual payments promptly and regularly . . . then followed with a few words of explanation regarding the letters; also cautioned the mothers to look after their children, keep them in at night, know where they are and what they are doing . . . cautioned the officers of Relief Society to be very particular to whom they loan their wheat and that they have good security, and that it be returned with interest . . . .

—Sarah Webb, Cor. Sec.

WOMAN DOCTOR: Dr. Carrie Liebig of Hope, Idaho, has been appointed division surgeon upon the northern Pacific Railroad. It is said that this is the only instance of such distinction to a lady known in the United States.

—Selected

BREADMAKING: When preparing for bread, break up the yeast cake and cover with cold water. Use a pint of wetting, half of sweet milk and half of hot water; the temperature of the mixture should be about seventy-five degrees; add a teaspoonful of salt, and into this mixture of milk, water, and salt, stir the sifted flour; stir with a wooden spoon until the dough is stiff enough to take on the board and work with the palm of the hand . . . . Place the dough in a greased bowl to rise . . . and let it stand for three hours. Divide the dough into as many parts as you want loaves . . . it should stand about one hour after it has been placed in the pans . . . . The temperature in the oven for baking should be from three hundred and seventy to three hundred and seventy-five degrees.

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. OSWALD B. LORD, United States delegate to the Human Rights Commission of the United Nations, says that the attempt of sixty nations to find ways and means for respecting the rights of their individual citizens, is something new in international affairs. The attacks on human freedom in recent years have convinced the world that human rights are a proper subject for international co-operation.

FOR twenty-four years, Mrs. William B. Fowler of Memphis, Tennessee, has been a dynamic leader in the Memphis City Beautiful Commission program, which has turned dumping grounds into gardens and tolerates no ugly premises. Beautification enthusiasts have come from all parts of the United States, England, Germany, Austria, and Hawaii to study the Memphis plan. Last April America's first conference of City Beautiful Commissions met, appropriately, in Memphis.

ELLEN GLASGOW'S thoughts and attitudes towards her writing career and her personal life are poignantly revealed in *The Woman Within*, an autobiography recently published, nine years after the death of this famous American novelist.

MADAME AHMED HUSSEIN, wife of the Egyptian ambassador to the United States, says that of four hundred million Moslems today, fifty million are Chinese and Russians behind the Iron Curtain. In Egypt six hundred and sixty-six thousand girls are in secondary schools and five thousand women in universities, including medical and engineering schools. At the time when Islam originated (600 A.D.) it greatly improved the status of women, permitting them to appear at public functions, to study and teach in schools, enter all trades, sit in consultative councils, possess and dispose of property, and have the guardianship of minors, independently of their husbands' consent. The veil and other restrictions came much later through national, not religious, requirements.

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs has been carrying on a vigorous crusade to do away with objectionable comic books.

BIRTHDAY Congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Mary Blanche Campbell, Smithfield, Utah, ninety-eight; Mrs. Isabella Rowley Crafts and Mrs. Mary Ellen Giauque Hodge, Salt Lake City, both ninety-four.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 FEBRUARY 1955 NO. 2

Take Time to Safeguard Children

A child's life in any period of world history has always been a joyous one, if he had a sense of loving security and a deep awareness of the watchcare of his Heavenly Father. Regardless of the richness or poverty of his immediate surroundings, he has lived for each day alone, and taken from that day the full measure of happiness and contentment it offered, in the purity of childhood.

Whether his world was confined to a world within walking distance, extended at infrequent intervals by trips made by donkey, horse, wagon, or carriage, the child's world remained rather small and circumscribed. Today, however, the opportunities for travel to far places by bus, train, plane, or ship, are commonplace. In addition, a child can reach the TV set, turn it on, and have shown to his startled and wondering gaze the wide reaches of the world with its beauty and cruelty, its riches and poverty.

All discoveries and opportunities in this so-called Atomic Age, are, to the Latter-day Saint, but a part of this last great dispensation, the dispensation of the fulness of times. These scientific marvels being revealed to the minds of men are intended for the blessing of the Heavenly Father's children, but twisted and warped by the powers of evil, they may become a curse. To which use each man puts this knowledge for himself, is left for each man to decide. For man has his God-given free agency.

But the uses to which these inventions are put for a child, is not for the child to decide, but the responsibility falls upon the parents as placed there by the Lord. Since the mother in the home is constantly with her child, a grave part of this responsibility presses upon her shoulders. It used to be possible to shield children who were carefully guarded in the home; however, with the discoveries of the radio and TV, these media have been invited to enter the sacred precincts of the home itself. The fare which they offer may be uplifting or demoralizing to the tender understanding of a child. It is the mother's part to hear new programs and seek to free a child's listening and viewing time for worthwhile productions. While many parents condemn all the offerings, others take the stand that their children can take a chance and see anything. Neither of these attitudes is correct and both reveal ignorance of what is being shown.

An executive, prominent in the television industry, states in a recent article that from thirty to forty million people a week look at the most popular television shows, and that a program may cost from five to eighty thousand dollars a week to produce. He says that Americans devote more time to television viewing than to any other pursuit except eating and sleeping.

In addition to being the biggest business for entertainment ever known, he declares it is likewise the most powerful medium for distributing merchandise. The entertainment varies from the educational and informational to the mediocre and slapstick.

An intelligent appraisal of programs by the mother in the home will enable her to plan the child's time so he receives benefit and not harm. And still a child cannot be and, perhaps, should not be shielded from all awareness of practices not in conformity with Latter-day Saint standards. But the mother should point out those destructive practices and teach to her children the truth.

Just because a program is listed for "children" is not enough for a mother. How can her son be expected to feel the heinousness of killing, second in evil to denying the Holy Ghost, when he sees, almost daily, the taking of life and is not warned and taught by his mother against it. And TV is more strictly censored than are the movies. Does a mother know what her child will see when she allows him to spend Saturday sitting in a movie house? Is the mother constantly teaching chastity and striving to counteract influences which may attractively portray drinking, stealing, fornication, and countenancing adultery? The words of Alexander Pope are especially applicable with regard to a constant viewing of objectionable practices:

> Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

On the other hand, the knowledge and understanding which these new media offer can be of inestimable worth and value to the child.

Gone are the days when Latter-day Saints lived to themselves. Today from their earliest childhood throughout their adult life they physically live in Babylon. Still the words of the Lord warn: "Go ye out from Babylon. Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord" (D. & C. 133:5). Not the physical withdrawal, but the mental withdrawal which results in a cleanliness of life forbidding practices condemned by the Lord, is the clarion call today. The training which will result in obedience to the mandate, "Be ye clean" is begun in the home by constant warning, prohibition, and teaching of the goodness of the gospel and resulting blessings. The wisdom of a mother in taking time, in the midst of her many other duties, to keep currently informed on TV and radio programs and movies, so that she may train and safeguard the mind of her child, brings the blessings of eternal life not only to her but also to those souls, her children, dearer to her than mortal life itself. It is worth every mother's time to safeguard her children from partaking of evil.

—M. C. S.

Birthday Greetings to Former President Amy Brown Lyman

AGAIN this February, we extend birthday congratulations and best wishes to our beloved former president, Amy Brown Lyman. Women throughout the stakes and missions of the Church are grateful for her devoted service in shaping and directing the work of Relief Society over the years. Many sisters from the far stakes and missions, as well as those from the centers of Zion, were impressed and made joyous by the words of President Lyman which she spoke at the cornerstone-laying ceremony for the Relief Society Building in September. Her resume of the hopes and ideals of the sisters of the past exemplified to each one her own love for Relief Society today and her feeling of unity and service in the great organization. May Sister Lyman's years be filled with joy, and may she continue many years among us.

River of Moses

Olive Carman

Here at the day's end where the river runs red
Willows lean to the brooding water, along the rim
Murmur to the memory of slumber
In a bulrush bed;
To the mother of a legend they murmur of love,
Whisper of a Hebrew woman down the dusty way
Leaving hope in a wavering bulrush
On the wave's breast.

Lulled lies a secret, caressed in circling shadow;
Lulled lies a nation's dream.

Here love, watching at the water's rim,
Sees tumult, sorrow sleeping here, a Red Sea,
Ark, pillar, cloud, a serpent in the wilderness;
Sinai slumbers here, with words of stone

Long the willows lean across the ages;
Ageless willows sing to a small son.
Where the river bends they bow and murmur,
Murmur around a nestled head,
Canaan in a reedy bed.

A Shadowy Form Passed the Window

Rose A. Openshaw

IRENE Clifford felt more keenly the loneliness of her oversized house, where she seemed to rattle around like a forsaken pea in a lonely and enormous pod, as she realized that not one of her children had this year remembered her birthday.

For weeks in advance, on other such occasions, they would be inquiring, "What shall we get you, Mother? What do you need or want?" or, "Now, don't make any date for the twenty-third, the family will all be there to celebrate!" And all was anticipation, suspense, and excitement. But this year no one had even remembered or mentioned it.

They're so busy living their own lives they don't have time to drop in or think of me, she reflected sadly. Then, exasperated at having given way to self-pity, she laid the shears she had used for clipping the long rose stems, hard on the garden bench.

I hope I'll never grow into one of those depressing creatures who give up when their brood flies, instead of making a new life for themselves, she mused, her lips pressed firmly together.

She picked up the roses she had just clipped, arranging them carefully in her basket-shaped vase, soothed by their beauty and the way the pink and cream petals blended into the yellow-green tones of the vase.

She buried her face in the blooms, drinking in their intoxicating perfume, grateful that she lived in Arizona where myriads of their princely varieties bloomed even in coldest winter, and where their fragrance seemed to rush out eagerly to meet her.

She picked up the vase of roses and carried it inside to glorify the kitchen. But there she shook her head despairingly, for she found that the bouquet only tended to emphasize the shabbiness of the room. Everything in it had outlived its usefulness. She recalled the embarrassment she had experienced the Sunday before when some of her guests had followed her into the kitchen as she prepared refreshments. She hadn't anticipated this when she invited them for pie after church.

She should at least have new linoleum, she reflected, but when could she ever find time or strength to uproot the present dilapidated one, scraping it bit by bit from the floor? And what assurance had she that the furnishings would not look even worse by contrast? The walls were crying for paint, and that shabby old stove! That rusty water-heater! Oh, everything! And no way to replenish anything at all.

She smiled ruefully at the incongruousness of it, and glancing in the mirror as she did so, noticed again how like a skein of silver yarn her once dark hair was becoming, and the wrinkles were trying for a

foothold on her brow and about her wide, generous mouth.

There was no denying it; her twenty-three years of teaching were telling their tale, and she did not like its ending. She had been definitely skidding downhill for weeks. She wondered dully whether she would be able to hold out the half-dozen and one seasons until her teacher's pension was due. The house should be repaired before she had to quit her work.

Where had her means gone, melting away? Schooling, sickness, operations, Althea's accident—all ways for money to vanish with six children. How grateful she was that she had had her teacher's certificate to fall back on. Her eyes brightened and her heart warmed as she recalled how well the children were doing, especially Jesse, who was a man of property. He . . . could . . . help . . .me, the thought came timidly, if . . . Laree . . . was . . . disposed.

She remembered the joy she had experienced in providing for her own mother, and in sharing her means with her mother-in-law the short time she had lived, and was puzzled that her children could feel otherwise.

THE clock struck, reminding her she must be leaving. Fastening a coral necklace about her neck, and adding a matching pin to her smart gray dress, she placed a jaunty hat on her trim new hair-do, and within minutes her car was parked at the school.

Her mind was removed from herself immediately. Thieves, she learned, had that night entered both the home of the school principal and one of the business houses in the district, relieving the two of approximately thirteen hundred dollars in cash and valuables.

The air was tense with excitement, and the robbery was discussed throughout the day. It was next to impossible for either faculty or students to get down to solid work.

Irene was getting her things ready preparatory to leaving, when the girl assigned to the oratorical contest came to her for assistance. While parts of the talk were being revised, she began grading the fast-accumulating papers on her desk, and finally became so absorbed that she forgot the time altogether, not even noticing the girl when she left.

Glancing up later, she was amazed. Darkness had spread over the valley. With the room artificially lighted, she had not detected the change. Hurriedly assembling her possessions, she hastened from the building, so exhausted that even the robbery had slipped from her mind.

She thought only of getting home and into more comfortable clothing, with something to refresh her. Her body sagged back, relaxed into the car seat. But as the machine came to a silent halt under the high ash tree in front of her home, she became instantly aware of something amiss. A dim light was burning within, bringing to her mind instantly the tale of the robberies. She grew tense, could it be possible someone was at that very moment ransacking her home? She leaped from the car, and started to dart toward a neighbor's, then halted, remembering it was their dinner hour.

I'll ring my doorbell, let it shriek its warning, she thought.

She gave the bell a vicious bang, holding her breath, her feet poised for flight, but there was no answering sound at all—no scrambling as of men in startled fright. She tried it a second time. This time she thought she caught a glimpse of a shadowy form, creeping by the window. Her breath came quickly now, and her heart was palpitating wildly. What were they up to? Were they waiting to strike her down as she entered?

Then, all at once, she remembered, and the tension relaxed. Of course! That must be it. She had been so busy that morning, feeling sorry for herself, she must have forgotten to switch off the lights. How foolish, wasting money when she was about to despair because she had so little. And, really, she could have imagined seeing a form. It might have been a chair with her scarf thrown on top. A smile of relief crept over her features.

She pushed the door ajar, but one glance into the room beyond stopped her short. There was no uncertainty now — someone was there! The kitchen was ablaze with lights!

She stood paralyzed, trying to back out the way she had come. But too late! Forms were surrounding her, hugging her! She could barely distinguish them in the dim light. She opened her mouth to scream, but closed it again, for lights suddenly blazed forth in the front room.

"Surprise! Surprise!" greeted her from a dozen happy voices.

She stood eyeing them, bewildered, growing weak-kneed in her relief. They were all hugging her now, and Jesse, her eldest, was leading her into the kitchen.

She looked around. "New linoleum?" she cried weakly, in astonishment. She had seen it at once, stepping as she always did to avoid the hole in the old floor.

"It's—it's beautiful! But what work you have gone to!"

"Look further!" they prompted.

"Painted!" she gasped. "You've painted my kitchen—and just the colors I wanted! How could you know I wanted yellow and turquoise?"

"Didn't you know we are mind-readers? Look further!" they urged again.

"More?" she cried, her eyes dilating and lighting on the stove.

"Oh, no! Not a beautiful electric range? Oh! Oh!" She opened the oven, her hands caressing it.

"Keep looking," they said again.

"A water-heater? Oh," she cried, "it's too much;" She hugged the tank in rapture.

"Don't overlook the refrigerator!" she was reminded.

"You—didn't buy a new refrigerator?" she gasped, sinking into a chair, overcome.

"WE sure did!" cried Beverly, "and now I'm offended. You haven't looked once at my contribution!"

"Curtains!" exclaimed Irene. "Oh, how pretty—how fresh and dainty they are!"

"The potted plant in the window," cut in Lloyd, pushing his blonde hair back from an overhigh forehead, "is from your next-door neighbor, who wanted to do some-

thing, but Beverly made the curtains."

"And we were desperately afraid," added Dick, the youngest, "you would return home before we got the mess cleaned up. We just got it out in time." His dark eyes smiled into hers in the intimate way he had, and she felt a sudden impulse to hug him to her. Tall and slender of build, he was patterned much after herself, but he was much more quiet and reserved than she had ever been.

"We wanted everything nice for your birthday," explained Ireta, the tiny girl who was Dick's wife.

"And I had forgotten my birthday entirely—that is, tonight," she amended, "I thought you were robbers surely!"

"We're worse. We're bandits, and we've held a council meeting, and you're going with us," cried Ernest, a replica of his square-faced father.

"And we'll take you right now!" put in Jesse, his keen blue eyes twinkling.

"Is it peaceably or otherwise?" he demanded, rubbing his hands together, a habit acquired when talking.

"Peaceably," smiled Irene, "but where?"

"Home with us. Laree's got a roast in the oven, and I can smell it already, and the youngsters are agog with excitement over the decorations on Grandma's cake."

"What are we waiting for?" demanded Althea, the round-faced second daughter, impatiently. "Get Mother's wrap, Joel. I'll bet she's tired."

But Irene had forgotten her weariness, everything but that her children had not forgotten her.

She looked up quickly. Jesse was pushing something into her hand.

"Didn't I hear something about turning part of this place into an apartment?" he demanded. "This is two hundred dollars toward it, and maybe more to come later."

"Oh," she cried, "it's too much!"

"Too much?" he scorned, "if we set a palace at your feet it wouldn't be too much. You're a jewel—not only as a parent, but as a woman."

"And haven't you slaved for us grasshoppers all your life?" cut in Ernest, removing the tension. "Haven't you toted us about when we were so helpless we couldn't even hop?"

"Or even let out a loud chirp?" added Marian, the oldest girl, who could be counted on to help Ernest in his witticisms, setting them laughing.

"And if we happen to be around and underfoot too much from now on," put in Lloyd, patting his mother affectionately, "just put a few of us out!"

"Oh!" was all Irene could say, her eyes misty. And for a moment she could not speak for the joy that flooded her whole being.

Early Risers

Pansye H. Powell

Dame Nature has been asleep—
Her snowcap on her head.
She'd like to rest a little more,
But now must tend, instead,
Those naughty little hyacinths
That will not stay in bed!

Block and Applique Quilts

Velma MacKay Paul

WITH the quilt patterns being made available by cotton and thread manufacturers and the lovely ones shown in numerous publications, anyone with a desire to make a quilt can do so. When contemplating the making, however, one is often discouraged, because it seems such a tremendous undertaking. Therefore, it is well to remember that, like living one day at a time, we work on only one block at a time; as we learn from day to day, so we progress from block to block.

The first block or patch must be perfect—in size, color arrangement, selection of long-wearing material, and beauty of design. As the finished blocks are put together, the beauty of the whole quilt grows.

Pre-Washing Materials

It is wise to wash all materials, including the back, before starting a quilt, as all may not be pre-shrunk. Also, if a piece is not colorfast, it is good to know it and discard it for one that is.

Making a Pattern

It is very important when cutting the original patterns for pieced quilts to use materials that cannot stretch, such as cardboard, architect's linen, blotters, or fine sandpaper. Various sizes of embroidery hoops are excellent for drawing circles and curves. A compass, also, may be used.

With present patterns, instructions are usually given for seam allowance. However, if you plan to copy an old one, you must do a little figuring and make your own patterns. With a ruler, measure each patch in a particular block and draw an exact copy on a paper. With dotted lines on all sides, you allow one-quarter inch for seams.

Cutting Patches and Tearing Blocks

Patches for pieced quilts must always be cut with the pattern laid on the *weave* of the goods—never on the bias. When a diamond patch is cut, as for the star quilt, the pattern is laid with the two straight sides on the up and down weave, and the two bias sides are cut on the bias to meet the points of the two straight sides. With applique quilts, the muslin squares on which the designs will be appliqued should be torn and not cut. Since the average blocks are eighteen inches square, it is easy to take one-yard wide material and tear it in half the entire length of the planned quilt. Then the one-half yard strips should be nicked every eighteen inches on the selvage side, and the square torn apart. This method insures a perfectly even quilt when the finished squares are sewed together.

Sunburst or Rising Sun Quilt

In the case of the Sunburst or Rising Sun Quilt (Plate I) only one pattern is required. You then count the points or sections of the star, and how many patches of each color will be needed. The quilt is made

PLATE 1

in eight sections, each section having exactly one hundred diamond-shaped patches which measure two by two inches finished. Therefore, all patches should be cut two and one-half inches each way with the straight side of the pattern on the straight of the goods.

Color Arrangement.

Concentrate on a pleasing color arrangement for just one section, shading the dark into the light or the light into deeper tones. When the eight sections are sewed together, each shade will match exactly those of the next section, and when completed becomes a glorious sunburst of color.

The one shown here began with one patch of flowered yellow, then two of gold, three of a figured yellow, four of red with tiny black flowers, five of rose, six of figured red, seven of figured blue, eight of light blue, nine of another figured blue, and ten of dark green. At this point, the section decreases with nine of lighter figured green, eight of dark figured green, seven of flowered yellow, six of gold, five of figured yellow, four red, three rose, two red, and one blue. Pieced

stars are appliqued in between the outer points. This quilt is about seventy-five years old and measures two and one-half yards each way.

Copying an Applique Quilt

To copy an applique quilt is very simple. Use heavy tracing paper or architect's linen, which is transparent and will not tear easily. Cover the entire block of applique, including the muslin background, and pin securely. Trace around each flower, leaf, bird, geometric design, or whatever it may be. Number your background, and write on your patterns which block they belong to. Remove and cut out the individual patterns, and with the original before you, copy them on a paper of the same size as the block. (I use eighteen-inch white shelf paper for the background, and cut the individual patterns out of colored construction paper.)

Following the original coloring, or changing it as you desire, cut leaves out of green, tulips of yellow or red, etc., and make a complete block on paper. Remember, when cutting the applique designs out of material to allow for seams, which are usually one-eighth of an inch for applique. When you are through, keep your paper patches for future ideas. On all appliques, I use bias tape for stems, tendrils, and fine curves. Bias tape is much

PLATE 2

easier to work with than is cloth cut on the bias. I cut away one of the turned back sides and it is exactly the right width.

Plate II shows a very old appliqued quilt made entirely of reds and greens, plain, figured, and flowered. It is wider than it is long because of the sides hanging almost to the floor to give added warmth to the occupants of the trundle bed underneath. The little trundle beds were pushed under the old four-poster beds to get them out of the way during the day. At night they were pulled out, head first, for about one-third of the length of the bed. Then the children were "out in the open" but most of their bed was shielded from the draft on the unheated bedroom floor. The muslin background squares are eighteen by eighteen inches. To make patterns of this quilt available to readers of a national magazine, I copied each pattern, using architect's linen, and reproduced the entire quilt in exact size on paper, before making up the patterns for the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia.

February Moon

Ethel Jacobson

This February moon is not for lovers . . .
So bleak it is, so shriveled, so blue-cold;
Theirs the friendlier dark that softly hovers,
Or the noon's gold.

This empty star that staringly uncovers
A visage pale and pulseless as a stone—
This February moon is not for lovers,
But for the lone.

The Unanswerable

Lael W. Hill

One child is dark, with midnight eyes;
One, golden as an August day.
Shy is the dark one, wild and wise;
The gold one, placid in her play,
Flashes a smile that's honey-spun.
Her solemn sister haunts you so!
. . . Which is the prettier, dearer one
Of two little girls? you want to know . . .
Then go—ask wind if dusk or dawn
Stirs more delight; ask the wide sea
What shore is best to break upon.
Question which clover suits the bee—
But never, never ask a mother
Which daughter is lovelier than the other!

AMELIA ELIZABETH H. JACKSON

Amelia Elizabeth H. Jackson Pieces Quilts and Makes Lampshades

AMELIA Elizabeth H. Jackson, Ogden, Utah, is ninety two years old, but she has not yet retired, but has changed her hobbies to fit her present strength and circumstances. In the past year she has pieced twelve quilt tops by hand, crocheted six chair sets, and fifteen caps for babies. Also she has decorated a number of attractive lampshades. She still makes fine, even stitches and takes pride in her accomplishments.

Amelia Elizabeth was born to Orin and Elizabeth Perry Hatch in Bountiful, Utah, in 1862, only fifteen years after the pioneers came to Utah. From a traveling tailor, she learned to be an expert seamstress and while in her teens she made overalls for the Z. C. M. I. In summers she lived on a ranch near Wanship, Utah, and milked ten cows or more, nights and mornings. At the age of twenty-one she was married and traveled with her young husband David Jackson to Rich County, Utah, where they were the first to introduce Hereford cattle and establish a dairy. For many years, Amelia Jackson was secretary of the Woodruff Stake Relief Society. She traveled long distances to make her visits, including the 185 miles to Manila. She is the mother of thirteen children, thirty-six grandchildren, and seventy-eight great-grandchildren. Her life philosophy is to keep abreast of the times, think of others and serve them, trust in the Lord, be honest and fair in all dealings, and live the very best you can.

Contentment Is a Lovely Thing

Chapter 5 (*Conclusion*)

Dorothy S. Romney

JED is coming home, Margaret's heart sang. She had been too busy to realize how much she had missed him.

The next few days were busy ones. Then one afternoon Margaret came up from the barn after having fed the stock. She had gathered an apron full of fresh eggs, and before she had time to put them in a bowl the telephone rang. She clutched the ends of her apron in one hand and uncradled the receiver with the other.

"A telegram has just come in for Mrs. Jackson. Her telephone doesn't answer, so I thought she might be with you," the operator explained, knowing that Margaret was Mrs. Jackson's nearest neighbor.

"Mrs. Jackson isn't here, but I'll take the message and deliver it to her," Margaret answered.

She wrote on the telephone pad with a hand that wobbled slightly, "Arriving six P.M. Wednesday," and it was signed "Richard Jackson."

She was so excited that she almost forgot the eggs, but managed somehow to get them into a bowl without breakage before she flew down to tell Mrs. Jackson the news. She must be somewhere about the place.

Wednesday, she thought, as she ran through the orchard to the Jackson cottage. But today is Wednesday, and it's already three o'clock.

She found Mrs. Jackson working in her vegetable garden, and told her the wonderful news.

When the six o'clock train pulled in, the Lansing station wagon was waiting, Kimmy gleeful at the sound of the "choo, choo," Margaret hopeful for Dick Jackson's physical condition, and his mother too happy to think of anything but that her son was returning.

Margaret strained her eyes for a first glimpse of Dick, and scarcely noticed the several other passengers who alighted. Dick, of course, would be the boy in the uniform, taller seeming, and certainly thinner than she had remembered him. His dark eyes looked enormous in a face whose pallor told of long confinement in a hospital. She turned her eyes toward his mother, wondering if she would notice how really sick Dick looked, but there was so much joy shining out of her face there wasn't room for anything else.

Suddenly Kimmy clapped his hands delightedly and shouted, "Daddy, Daddy!" and before Margaret knew what was happening Jed's arms were around her and Kimmy. She looked over Jed's shoulder.

"Where are Mother and Dad?" she asked, the more familiar form of address coming easily to her lips.

"They'll be down Saturday," he replied. "I came as an advance guard."

"Your father's hand, Jed?" she asked anxiously. "How is it?"

"He can use it," Jed answered noncommittally. "I've talked them

into spending the rest of the summer with us."

"Oh, wonderful," she said. Then, as Mrs. Jackson finally released her hold on her son, Margaret turned to welcome him home. She clasped his long, thin hand warmly and looked up into his face, old beyond his years, as she said, "We're all so glad to have you back again."

Jed stored his bag and Dick's army gear in the back seat of the station wagon, and they all got in and headed for home. The sun was setting in a glorious blaze of color and the gardens along the way were brilliant with summer blossoms. Margaret was especially grateful for all this beauty, realizing what it must mean to the war-weary boy.

"I was sure glad to find Jed on the train," Dick said.

"Let's say that we were glad to find each other," Jed replied. "I needed someone to talk with pretty badly myself." His voice held an unmistakable earnestness, something of the terrific strain which he had been under.

Margaret could hold back her question no longer. "You said that your father could use his hand, but will he ever be able to operate again?"

"No," he answered heavily. "And he knows the worst now. He will never be able to perform another operation."

* * * *

JED'S parents arrived on Saturday, as they had promised. Naturally Margaret had expected to see a difference in them, but she was in no way prepared for what she saw. Mrs. Lansing was still beautifully groomed, with her blue-white hair in soft, sculptured rolls, but there were lines on her face, and her eyes that had been so serene now told of tragedy and weeks of anxiety.

As for Dr. Lansing, he was not only thinner, but he had lost his sprightly assurance. He moved now so apathetically that Margaret could hardly resist crying out.

We must do something for him, she thought. But what? What could anyone do to restore hope in a man when the best of his life's work had suddenly been denied him?

Mrs. Lansing offered to take over some small tasks around the house, and while Margaret at first demurred, she soon realized that work was the best panacea she could have. She wished that Dr. Lansing would do the same. Actually there was plenty of work on the farm that he could have done, and Jed could certainly have used the help. Instead, he sat on the front porch and gazed stonily at the distant mountains until Margaret longed to shake him, just to get him to move.

Only Kimmy could draw any response that was much more than a monosyllable. The grandfather's listlessness could not be proof against the child's happy prattle, and for this Margaret was extremely grateful.

"If only we could get him to do something!" Margaret sighed for the hundredth time. "If he'd pick some fruit, or go fishing, or anything! It almost sends me out of my mind to see him sitting there so aimlessly. You'd never know it was the same man who was here in the spring."

Jed nodded grimly. "Maybe some-

thing will happen to make him snap out of it," he said. He paused a moment and then added, "Something *has* to happen."

Each morning she asked the doctor to take Kimmy and walk down to the mailbox, pleading that she had no time to go herself. It was almost the only thing she could persuade him to do, and she was glad that Kimmy prolonged the walk by expending his curiosity on every bug and flower they saw along the way.

As she kneaded her dough this morning, she watched their slow progress down the long lane. "Hot rolls for lunch," she called to Jed's mother, who was shelling peas out in the coolness of the screened service porch.

"You're spoiling us," the older woman declared. "We'll never able to go back to city fare."

"Must you go back?" asked Margaret, turning the dough over thoughtfully. "I couldn't help hoping that you would like it well enough here to stay," Margaret went on, a bit hesitantly. "Old Dr. Miller has long wanted to retire. If Dad could only be contented . . . ."

"Oh, no! I'm sure he wouldn't think of it," protested her mother-in-law.

"No, I suppose not," Margaret agreed regretfully. "But we couldn't help hoping."

THROUGH the long, feathery branches of the willow tree Margaret could see Kimmy and his grandfather returning from the mailbox. Even with their frequent stops she knew that they would arrive back all too soon, and Dr. Lansing would resume his position of waiting on the front porch. Waiting for what? Simply for the day to end.

Covering the dough with a fresh cloth, she called to Mrs. Lansing, "I'm going to run over to Jackson's for a few minutes. Dick wasn't feeling well last night. Will you please keep an eye on Kimmy? I'd rather not take him along."

As soon as she knocked on the door of the cottage, she knew there was something wrong. There was the sort of hushed silence that spreads over a house when someone is seriously ill.

Mrs. Jackson's sister opened the door and, in answer to Margaret's surprised look, she said, "It's Dick. He's running an awful high fever. We've tried to get Dr. Miller, but he doesn't even answer his phone."

"But you must have help at once!" cried Margaret. "He's in no condition to stand anything more right now. Perhaps Dr. Lansing—perhaps my father-in-law would . . . but no, I'm afraid not." Then, as she noted again the anxiety in the woman's eyes, she said, "I'll ask him. I can do that much at least."

She took the short cut across the field, stopping only to ease herself through the wire fence, thinking, as one does of small things during such an emergency, it's foolish not to cut a gate here.

This might be the turning point for all of them, she thought. If Jed's father could just be made to realize how much they wanted him and needed him, maybe—just maybe—there might be a chance of keeping him here. She ran breathlessly around to the front porch.

"Dad," she burst out excitedly, "Dick Jackson is terribly ill, and

Dr. Miller can't be reached!" The words tumbled out, one over another. "Won't you please go down and take care of him?"

"No, I'm afraid not," he said immediately. "It wouldn't be ethical for me to go in and take over Dr. Miller's patient." Then he added, a note of unmistakable bitterness in his voice, "Besides I wouldn't be of much help."

Oh, she thought wildly, my blundering has spoiled any chance we had of keeping them here.

"I'm sorry, in my anxiety over Dick I suppose I forgot . . . everything else," she apologized quickly.

The doctor seemed not to have heard her apology at all, but appeared to be deep in thought. Finally he said, "I'm the one to be sorry, my dear. I'm being both stupid and cruel. I was selfishly thinking only of my own feelings. Perhaps I can be of some help."

He went into the bedroom for his physician's bag and Margaret watched him walk along the hydrangea-bordered path, noting the proud lift of his shoulders. She realized that his decision to attend Dick meant more than changing into the role of a general practioner. It meant his accepting of the bitter fact that his hand would never regain its skill, and that the facing of this fact had been the biggest hurdle he had to overcome.

SHE bent her head closer to her task of preparing lunch to hide the gleam of unshed tears in her eyes, as Jed's mother came into the kitchen. "Maybe you'd like to walk down to the field and remind your son that it's mealtime," she said. "He never seems to know of his own accord."

While the casserole dish she had prepared was baking, she fed Kimmy his special foods, then tucked him in bed for his nap. She set four places on the small table in the glassed-in patio.

It was a matter of twenty minutes or so before Jed and his mother came back from the fields.

"I was showing Mother how to run the harvester," Jed explained with a chuckle.

"I was doing right well, too," his mother smiled back. "Another lesson or two and I might be able to take over." She glanced towards the front porch and asked, "Hasn't Dad come back yet?"

"No," Margaret replied, "and I'm terribly worried about Dick. His aunt said he had been running a high temperature all last night."

Margaret served lunch, and they ate in silence. There were golden planes of sunlight slanting across the patio, as crystal clear as the blue of the sky through the emerald tracery of the nearby willow trees.

Luncheon over, Jed went back to the fields, after asking Margaret to walk down and tell him what news there was of Dick's condition as soon as his father returned.

His mother picked up the mending basket, which was full to overflowing, as usual, and took up a vigil on the service porch, where she had a clear view of the Jackson cottage.

The hours passed slowly. Although neither had mentioned it, each of the women knew that the other had found the afternoon almost intolerably long. Finally Margaret said, "I'll run down and let Jed know it's dinner time." She

stepped outside, glad to get away from the lagging hands of the clock and into the fresh air.

She and Jed were quiet and thoughtful as they walked back to the house hand in hand. "This town could sure use a good doctor like Dad," was Jed's first comment, after Margaret had told him that his father was still at the Jackson's. "Dr. Miller can't hang on much longer. But I'm afraid Dad would never be satisfied here."

"And I'm afraid your mother would be even less satisfied," Margaret said, a trifle hesitantly, "to settle down to country life."

"The more's a pity," said Jed, his eyes intent on the faraway mountains.

There was no mention of waiting dinner until the doctor's return. They conversed but little during the meal, each being busy with his own thoughts.

LONG after the sun had gone down in a blaze of glory and the sky grown dark, the Lansings lingered on in the comfortable farm kitchen. Margaret, clearing the dinner dishes from the table on the patio, saw the first stars appear, frostily aloof, in the velvet of the night sky.

They had all grown restless with waiting. Jed moved silently to the window. There was a lone light in the Jackson cottage. He watched for some time then turned abruptly. "Isn't it time Kimmy was in bed?" he asked, and Margaret noted the tenseness in his voice.

"Let me put him in," his grandmother said immediately, and Margaret nodded assent. She knew that the greatest pleasure either of the elder Lansings had at the present was the association with their only grandchild.

She had just returned when the door opened and the doctor came in. His face was lined and weary, but there was a look of peace in his eyes that had been missing for many days.

"Dick! Is he . . .?" Margaret's voice broke.

"The boy is going to be all right," Dr. Lansing replied, looking into the three anxious faces. "He has a virulent type of pneumonia that strikes quickly and hard. And, of course, he was already weak to begin with. But he has passed the crisis now—I stayed until I had made sure of that. All that will be required now is good care and a little time."

"Well, with you around, he'll get the best," said Jed heartily.

Margaret's relief for Dick was only secondary to her other feelings. For the first time since the accident Dr. Lansing had spoken like his old self again. Tired as he was, his step had something of the old resilience. There was a quiet triumph in his face, and it had come alive again.

"Thank goodness," she murmured softly, and none of them knew that she was not speaking wholly for Dick.

"They'll call me if they happen to need me again tonight," the doctor said, as he moved towards his bedroom. "But I'm sure that he's going to be all right."

As they went to their own room, Margaret turned to Jed with shining eyes. "This may be the turning point," she whispered. "There was something—surely you noticed it."

"Yes, I noticed it," he replied.

"Dad was a doctor again—instead of just a broken man. All we need to do now is scare up another urgent case tomorrow."

THEY awakened early, as usual, except for Dr. Lansing who had been wearied by his unusual exertions of the day before. Margaret slipped over to the Jackson's to reassure herself and learned that Dick had spent a restful night.

"I don't know what we'd have done without Dr. Lansing," Mrs. Jackson said, her voice breaking, "I'll never be able to thank him enough. I just couldn't have anything happen to my boy—not after all he's been through."

Margaret pressed her neighbor's arm lovingly. "It did something for him, too," she said. "Last night he was himself again for the first time this summer."

She hurried back to the house where Mrs. Lansing was giving Kimmy his morning cereal. "Where is Dr. Miller's office?" she asked.

"Around the corner from the church, on the northeast side. It's that white stucco house, with all the flowers," Margaret explained. "He plans to move to Arizona and live with a daughter if he can ever get away."

"Could we drive over and see it this morning?"

"Oh, Mother!" cried Margaret. "Do you really mean it? Would you consider staying here? Could you be contented here?"

"It must be Frank's decision, of course," replied Mrs. Lansing. "But I think after our talk last night I might persuade him to stay . . . ."

"Plotting behind my back, eh?" a voice interrupted, and they turned to see the doctor standing in the doorway. "So you think you would like to live in the country? Do you think you would be contented?"

"Yes," she replied with decision, "I honestly think I could get along happily without city diversions. In fact, they all seem rather trivial compared to what we might find here—what we have already found," she corrected herself.

"And you would like to see me go back to being a country doctor?"

"It wouldn't be going back," she replied. "The life you saved yesterday was as important as any you might have saved anywhere else. Wasn't it now?"

"I've never been happier over any, as far as I can remember," he confessed. "And do you really think these children of ours could stand having us so near?"

There was a twinkle in his eyes that brought a surge of joy to Margaret's heart. "I think that we could bear up under it," she replied.

"Then I think we'll all go over and take a look at Dr. Miller's setup. But first I must have a look at my patient! And I also might remind you that I'm ravenously hungry—if anyone cares."

"I'll deep-fry some scones," said Margaret. "They will be extra good this morning, and there's fresh butter and strawberry jam."

"I'll have some, too," said Mrs. Lansing.

As she lifted Kimmy down from his high chair she held him long enough to say gravely, "You look well fed and contented this morning." Then she added to no one in particular—certainly not to Kimmy, "Contentment is a lovely thing."

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Alta Fuhriman

NAMPA STAKE (IDAHO) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, August 12, 1954

Left to right: Clarissa Ashlock, stake visiting teacher message leader; Emma Tidwell, Homedale Ward, who has served as a visiting teacher for fifty years; Susannah Young, Homedale Ward, fifty-one years; Minnie Sorenson, Nampa First Ward, forty-two years; Ella Bailey, Star Branch, fifty-five years; Nellie Montague, Nampa Third Ward, forty-two years; Mary Edgley, Nampa Fourth Ward, forty-two years; Ruby Griffith, Homedale Ward, thirty-seven years; Ethel Olsen, Marsing Ward, forty-eight years; Hannah Call, Star Branch, thirty-nine years.

These sisters were honored at the convention and presented with books as tokens of appreciation for their long and loyal service. The Nampa First Ward was especially honored for having the highest percentage of visiting teachers present at the convention. *The Doctrine and Covenants Commentary* was presented to this ward Relief Society for its library.

Alta Fuhriman is president of Nampa Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lavona Hoopes

ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE

Stake chorister, Geneva Green. stands at the left in the center of the picture above the rostrum (wearing white blouse); Marie Farley, who directed the chorus, stands in front, at the left (wearing dark dress); stake organist, Lela McBride, seated at the piano; the assistant organist, Bernice Stowell, is seated at the organ at the right.

This chorus is composed of over one hundred women, representing eight wards. Many of the women traveled almost one hundred miles to be present for this occasion.

Lavona Hoopes is president of St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Jenna Vee Hall

GOODING STAKE (IDAHO), JEROME FIRST WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FOUR YEARS

Seated. front row, fourth from the right: President Hazel Gines; third from the right, Second Counselor Edith Byington; second from the right, Secretary-Treasurer Helen Kotter; front row, fourth from the left, Mildred Andrus, visiting teacher message leader.

First Counselor Rachel Davis was not present when this picture was taken.

Jenna Vee Hall is president of Gooding Stake Relief Society.

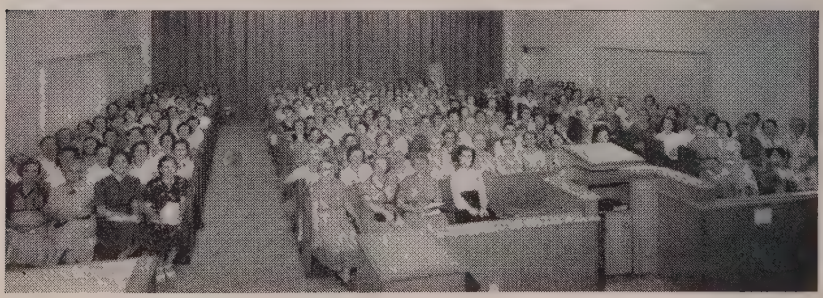
Photograph submitted by Inez B. Tingey

CACHE STAKE (UTAH), LOGAN FOURTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A RECORD OF ONE HUNDRED PER CENT VISITING TEACHING FOR SEVEN YEARS

Seated, front row, left to right: Louise Seamons; Lillian Evans, visiting teacher message leader; Veressa Packer, First Counselor; Janett Bullock, President; Zelda Heninger, Second Counselor; Marian Izatt, Secretary-Treasurer; Florence Morgan; Linda Benson.

Fifty women are active visiting teachers in the Logan Fourth Ward. On September 7, 1954, a lovely social was given, honoring these sisters for their faithful service to Relief Society.

Inez B. Tingey is president of Cache Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Ruth O. Stapley

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, September 1954

Seated at the right side on the front row, left to right: Elnora Shupe, former president of Phoenix Stake Relief Society; Permella Haggard, First Counselor; Maud Pace, Second Counselor; Ruth O. Stapley, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society; Havana May, stake Relief Society organist.

Sister Stapley reports that Pearl Shumway, who has been a visiting teacher for fifty-four years, was especially honored at this convention and was presented with a gift. The oldest visiting teacher, Nettie Storey, age seventy-seven, and the youngest visiting teacher, Aletha Turley, nineteen, were also honored and presented with gifts. The theme for this occasion, "Come to Relief Society and Have Your Faith Lifted," mounted on a poster, was placed on a stand at the front of the chapel. Two hundred women attended the meeting, and each was presented with a booklet "Deep Roots," prepared by the stake board. The slogan, "Every Latter-day Saint Woman a Member of Relief Society," was mounted on a poster and placed at the entrance to the chapel.

Photograph submitted by Ina Ruth Perkins

RAMEY AIR FORCE BASE, PUERTO RICO, RELIEF SOCIETY MAKES QUILT

Standing, left to right: Ann Gardner, San Antonio, Texas; Charlene Sorenson, Brigham City, Utah; Alda Bradbury, Salt Lake City, Utah; Ruth Smith, Boise, Idaho; Norma Young, Merced, California; Mary Lou Greenfield, Charleston, West Virginia; Pauline Rudd, Parker, Idaho.

The following members of this Relief Society were not present when this picture was taken: Beverly Halford, Burley, Idaho; Beverly Johnson, Cambridge, Idaho; Ina Ruth Perkins, Eagar, Arizona.

This quilt was a summer project, planned and executed entirely by beginners. Upon completion, it was presented to Sister Rudd, wife of the group leader, Captain Melvin J. Rudd, in appreciation for their services to the members of the Church stationed at Ramey Air Force Base. Sister Smith designed the quilt.

Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico does not belong to any organized stake or mission, but is under the direct supervision of Elder Bruce R. McConkie, who has charge of the Latter-day Saint groups at all the military bases.

Photograph submitted by Isabell C. Ellison

RIVERDALE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, September 1954

Seated at the organ, Eva Mae Chapman, organist; seated, front row, at left, Katherine Miller, chorister.

This chorus presented the music for the stake quarterly conference in September, and the group has also presented music for many other occasions, including stake Relief Society meetings.

Isabell C. Ellison is president of Riverdale Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Minnie C. Dills

FLORIDA STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS CONDUCT FUND-RAISING PROJECTS

Seated, fifth and sixth from the left, front row: Sally Murray and Nancy Sellers, chairmen; inset, Josephine Jenkins, former President, Florida Stake Relief Society.

This group represents former Relief Society leadership of Florida Stake and former board members, ward officers, and chairmen who, on October 1, 1954, closed a most successful fund raising campaign. The work meeting leaders, under the direction of Ida Starling, former stake work meeting leader, invited the members to contribute a bazaar item. This was a most satisfying project. The contributions varied from articles for sales to lovely applique quilts and canary birds. One ward grew and sold cut flowers. The names of those contributing to the projects are recorded on the scrolls shown in the picture. These names are treasured in remembrance of outstanding co-operation.

Effie F. Meeks is the new president of Florida Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Marjorie M. Ward

SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), SEVENTEENTH WARD OPENING SOCIAL
September 29, 1954

The highlight of this opening social was a skit entitled "The Spinisters' Convention," directed by Mary C. Neves and Tirza Eckersley, as an effective reminder of the annual membership dues.

Front row, seated, left to right: Leona Jolley; Mary C. Neves; Maud Hartley; Belle Sessions.

Second row, standing, left to right: Jessie Streeter; Nan S. Poll; Aurelia Shimer; Tirza Eckersley; Merrilla Worthington; Irene Safford, President Seventeenth Ward Relief Society; Martha Sequine.

Third row, standing, left to right: Bertha DeLong, First Counselor, Seventeenth Ward Relief Society; Juanita Newsome; Doris Badger, Second Counselor, Seventeenth Ward Relief Society; Isabelle Wiberg; Caroline Brown; Esther Farnsworth; Lillian Snader; Joanne Roundy.

Marjorie M. Ward is president of Salt Lake Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Agnes M. Vincent

MONUMENT PARK STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

Front row, left to right: Viola Tueller, former stake chorister; Anna Beth Stucki; Lucille Sorenson; Lyle Pratt, First Counselor, Monument Park Stake Relief Society; Ina York; Abbie McKay; Loraine Richmond; Bessie Hopkins; Mary Merrill; Alice Bleyl; Elaine Drake, stake Relief Society organist; Orzelle Fullmer; Grace Stevens.

Second row, left to right: Erma White; Mae Farthingham; Jeanette Heistera; Millie Erickson; Orean Burton; Sylvia Weaver; Ann Kelley; Vada Bate; Annie Stoker; Gene Smith; Margaret Emery; Carol Gray.

Back row, left to right: Nyena Nelson; Ruby Henderson; Helen Lach; Orlene Poulsen; Fern Campbell; Florence Workman; Ruth Walton; Ida Romney; Thelma Hammond; June Allen; Elanor Evertson; Phyllis Hansen, stake chorister.

Reba O. Carling is president of Monument Park Stake Relief Society.

Abraham Lincoln

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Lincoln stood above the crowds,
Shoulders high, they say;
Held his thoughts erect and true,
Walked the Master's way;

Lincoln spoke in simple words,
Heart to heart, they say;
Living words that ring with truth
To our ears today;

Understanding filled his soul
For all men, they say;
Tall in stature, thought, and heart,
Lincoln knelt to pray.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 32—Peace Comes to the Nephites Through Righteousness

Elder Leland H. Monson

Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, chapters 59-63

For Tuesday, May 3, 1955

Objective: To show the necessity of maintaining righteousness within a country in order to withstand the enemies without.

Moroni's Letter to Pahoran

WHEN Moroni received Helaman's letter in the thirtieth year of the reign of the judges, he rejoiced over the success of Helaman in his part of the country for winning back the land the Nephites had lost. This information was sent to all the Nephites near where Moroni was, so that they might join in the rejoicing.

Immediately, in response to Helaman's query as to why more strength was not sent him so that he could continue to maintain the re-conquered lands, Moroni addressed a letter to Pahoran, the chief judge, in the land of Zarahemla. He requested Pahoran to send reinforcements to Helaman's armies. Moroni then continued to make plans for winning back the remainder of the cities and possessions of the Nephites still held by the Lamanites. Before he was ready to proceed, however, he learned that the government had also neglected to reinforce the city of Nephihah as he had expected, for it fell into the hands of the Lamanites. This Moroni learned from those inhabitants who escaped and joined him.

> . . . when Moroni saw that the city of Nephihah was lost he was exceeding sorrowful, and began to doubt, because of the wickedness of the people, whether they should not fall into the hands of their brethren. Now this was the case with all his chief captains. They doubted and marveled also because of the wickedness of the people, and this because of the success of the Lamanites over them (Alma 59:11-12).

Moroni was angered with the government because of its indifference to the cause of freedom, and he

wrote a second letter to Pahoran, comprising chapter 60 of Alma, couched in very strong words. Not only did he address Pahoran, but also:

. . . all those who have been chosen by this people to govern and manage the affairs of this war. For behold, I have somewhat to say unto them by the way of condemnation; for . . . ye yourselves know that ye have been appointed to gather together men, and arm them with swords, and with cimeters, and all manner of weapons of war of every kind, and send forth against the Lamanites, in whatsoever parts they should come into our land. And now . . . myself, and also my men, and also Helaman and his men, have suffered exceeding great sufferings; yea, even hunger, thirst, and fatigue, and all manner of afflictions of every kind . . . great has been the slaughter among our people; yea, thousands have fallen by the sword, while it might have otherwise been if ye had rendered unto our armies sufficient strength and succor for them. Yea, great has been your neglect towards us (Alma 60:1 ff.).

Moroni then demanded to know the cause. "Can you think to sit upon your thrones in a state of thoughtless stupor . . .?" (Alma 60:7). After setting forth the tragic results of their neglect of the armies, Moroni then asked and answered a question which has ever been of vital concern:

Do ye suppose that, because so many of your brethren have been killed it is because of their wickedness? I say unto you, if ye have supposed this ye have supposed in vain; for I say unto you, there are many who have fallen by the sword; and behold it is to your condemnation; For the Lord suffereth the righteous to be slain that his justice and judgment may come upon the wicked; therefore ye need not suppose that the righteous are lost because they are slain; but behold, they do enter into the rest of the Lord their God (Alma 60:12-13).

Wickedness of King-Men

Moroni told Pahoran that he feared the judgments of God would come because of the slothfulness of the government and declared:

. . . were it not for the wickedness which first commenced at our head, we could have withstood our enemies . . . had it not been for the war which broke out among ourselves; yea, were it not for these king-men, who caused so much bloodshed among ourselves; yea, at the time we were contending among ourselves, if we had united our strength as we hitherto have done; yea, had it not been for the desire of power and authority which those king-men had over us; had they been true to the cause of our freedom, and united with us, and gone forth against our enemies, instead of taking up their swords against us, which was the cause of so much bloodshed among ourselves; yea, if we had gone forth against them in the strength of the Lord, we should have dispersed our enemies, for it would have been done, according to the fulfilling of his word (Alma 60:15-16).

In contrast, Moroni depicted the true picture of the condition of the Nephites, with the Lamanites coming upon them, taking over their lands, murdering the people, and carrying women and children away as captives. Moroni even raised the question concerning the personal integrity of all to whom his letter was addressed. He asked if they were neglectful because they sat in the heart of the country in security, and he reminded them of the ". . . thousands round about in the borders of the land who are falling by the sword, yea, wounded and bleeding" (Alma 60:22).

Moroni also said to the Nephite rulers:

. . . Now I would that ye should remember that God has said that the inward vessel shall be cleansed first, and then shall

the outer vessel be cleansed also. And now, except ye do repent of that which ye have done, and begin to be up and doing . . . it will be expedient that we contend no more with the Lamanites until we have first cleansed our inward vessel, yea, even the great head of our government. And except ye grant mine epistle, and come out and show unto me a true spirit of freedom . . . I will leave a part of my freemen to maintain this part of our land . . . . And I will come unto you . . . if there be even a spark of freedom remaining, behold I will stir up insurrections among you, even until those who have desires to usurp power and authority shall become extinct (Alma 60:23 ff.).

The great patriot Moroni, lover of righteousness, merciful and kind, lover of freedom, declared that he did not fear their authority or power, he feared his God. He closed his great epistle with the commandment, ". . . Now see that ye fulfil the word of God," and concluded: "Behold, I am Moroni, your chief captain. I seek not for power, but to pull it down. I seek not for honor of the world, but for the glory of my God, and the freedom and welfare of my country. And thus I close mine epistle" (Alma 60:35-36).

Pahoran's Patriotic Reply

In reply, Pahoran answered Moroni:

. . . I do not joy in your great afflictions, yea, it grieves my soul. But behold, there are those who do joy in your afflictions (Alma 61:2-3).

Pahoran then confirmed the fears of Moroni in the need of cleansing the inner vessel. The king-men by flattery had won over the people and withheld provisions and freemen from the armies. Pahoran himself had been driven out and had fled to Gideon with as many men as he could get. From there he had sent a proclamation throughout that part of the land, and the freemen were rallying to Pahoran in great numbers. While the king-men did not dare to come out to battle against Pahoran, they had taken possession of the city of Zarahemla, and had appointed a king Pachus over themselves. This king had entered into correspondence with the king of the Lamanites and had promised to maintain the city of Zarahemla, leaving the Lamanites to conquer the rest of the country of the Nephites. When it was all conquered, then Pachus expected to be made king over the Nephites ". . . when they shall be conquered under the Lamanites" (Alma 61:8).

While Pahoran had been censured by Moroni, he said he was not angered, but rejoiced in the greatness of Moroni's heart. Pahoran did not desire power, save only to retain his judgment seat. He declared, ". . . My soul standeth fast in that liberty in the which God hath made us free" (Alma 61:9).

Pahoran stated, as had the other righteous leaders of the Nephites, that the Nephites would not destroy the Lamanites if they had not taken the sword against the Nephites. He even observed with humility:

We would subject ourselves to the yoke of bondage if it were requisite with the justice of God, or if he should command us so to do. But behold he doth not command us that we shall subject ourselves to our enemies, but that we should put our trust in him, and he will deliver us (Alma 61:12-13).

Moroni was asked by Pahoran to

bring a few of his men with him, and to gather such other forces as he could on the way, so that they might conquer Zarahemla. He instructed Moroni to leave Teancum and Lehi in charge of the army, ". . . to conduct the war in that part of the land, according to the Spirit of God, which is also the spirit of freedom which is in them" (Alma 61:15). When Zarahemla would again be captured, Pahoran promised provisions could be sent to Lehi and Teancum.

Pahoran confided in Moroni that he had been worried as to what course to pursue, as to whether it would be just to fight his Nephite brethren. But Moroni had eased his mind because he had said that unless they repented, the Lord had commanded Moroni to go against them. Pahoran concluded:

> See that ye strengthen Lehi and Teancum in the Lord; tell them to fear not, for God will deliver them, yea, and also all those who stand fast in that liberty wherewith God hath made them free. And now I close mine epistle to my beloved brother, Moroni (Alma 61:21).

When Moroni had read the epistle of Pahoran, he was very joyful to learn that Pahoran was not a traitor, but his heart was grieved because of the wickedness of the Nephites who had driven Pahoran from the judgment-seat. Moroni followed the instruction of Pahoran, and in whatever place he entered he raised the standard of liberty and joined to his force those thousands who wished to remain freemen and not be brought into bondage.

King-Men Overthrown

When Moroni and Pahoran had joined their forces, they proceeded to go down into the land of Zarahemla. In the ensuing battle, Pachus was slain and his followers were captured and tried with the king-men who had previously been cast into prison. In compliance with the law they were executed, as refusing to take up arms in defense of their country but rather fight against their country. Thus peace was restored to Zarahemla and Pahoran was restored to the judgment-seat.

Immediately thereafter Moroni had provisions and an army of six thousand men sent to the assistance of Helaman. Six thousand men and a quantity of food were also sent to the armies of Lehi and Teancum. Moroni and Pahoran with a third large body of men marched against Nephihah. Four thousand Lamanites whom they captured on the way, after entering into a covenant of peace, were sent to dwell with the people of Ammon.

Lamanites Driven Out

When Moroni was camped outside Nephihah, he desired the Lamanites to come out to battle against him, but they feared the courage of the Nephites as well as their numbers, so they did not come out to battle that day.

In the nighttime Moroni came upon the top of the wall of the city to discover in what part the Lamanites were camped. He then returned to his army and had them prepare strong cords and ladders which his men could let down into the city on the west side, while the Lamanites were asleep on the east side. By morning all the Nephites were within the walls of the city. When the Lamanites awakened they were so frightened that they sought

to escape by the pass, but Moroni sent his men after them and killed many and captured many others. The remainder fled to the land of Moroni on the seashore. The Nephites regained the city without the loss of one man. The Lamanite prisoners desired to join the people of Ammon, so Moroni was relieved of a great burden, and those Lamanites began to till the fields and raise grain and all kinds of flocks.

As Moroni and his victorious army approached the other Nephite cities held by the Lamanites, they fled before them. Moroni's forces became joined with those of Lehi and Teancum:

> And the armies of the Lamanites were all gathered together, insomuch that they were all in one body in the land of Moroni. Now Ammoron, the king of the Lamanites, was also with them (Alma 62:33).

When the two armies were thus facing each other, because of the weariness of both, none but Teancum conceived any stratagem. He, however, blamed Amalickiah and his brother Ammoron for all the wars and bloodshed, and famine, and in his anger, he let himself down over the walls of the city:

> . . . And he went forth with a cord, from place to place, insomuch that he did find the king; and he did cast a javelin at him, which did pierce him near the heart. But behold, the king did awake his servant before he died, insomuch that they did pursue Teancum, and slew him (Alma 62:36).

The death of Teancum grieved Moroni and Lehi exceedingly, for:

> . . . he had been a man who had fought valiantly for his country, yea, a true friend to liberty; and he had suffered very many exceedingly sore afflictions . . . (Alma 62:37).

On the morrow Moroni drove the Lamanites out of the land and they did not then return against the Nephites. Moroni fortified sufficiently the parts of the land most exposed to the Lamanites, and then returned to Zarahemla; Helaman ". . . returned to the place of his inheritance. . . ." (Alma 62:42) and there was once more peace in the land in the thirty-second year of the reign of the judges, after many years of war.

There had been great wickedness among the Nephites, but they had been spared because of the prayers of the righteous. Moroni yielded up the command of the army to his son Moronihah. Helaman and his brethren again went forth to preach the word of God and regulate the Church. The people humbled themselves and again began to multiply, to become strong in the land and rich. However, they remembered the great mercies of the Lord to them and remained steadfast.

Deaths of Helaman and Moroni

During this happy period Helaman died, in the thirty-fifth year of the reign of the judges, and Shiblon took possession of those sacred things delivered to Helaman by Alma. We find that Shiblon and also Corianton did good continually and kept the commandments of the Lord. Moroni the great prophet-patriot died, ". . . And thus ended the thirty and sixth year of the reign of the judges" (Alma 63:3).

It was during the next year that Hagoth, ". . . he being an exceedingly curious man . . ." (Alma 63:5) built a large ship in which many

Nephites, with provisions, sailed away, taking their course northward.

The following year Hagoth built other ships, and the first ship returned ". . . and many more people did enter into it. . . " (Alma 63:7) and they sailed again northward, but they were never heard of again.

Many people went into the land northward and Corianton went to carry provisions to them. In the absence of Corianton, Shiblon, before his death, conferred the sacred things upon Helaman, son of Helaman. And all the records which Helaman possessed were written and sent forth among the children of men, except those parts which Alma had instructed should not go forth.

The Book of Alma ends with the thirty-ninth year of the reign of the judges and completes the account of Alma and his sons Helaman and Shiblon.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What comparisons can be drawn between the internal conditions among the Nephites, and those in countries of the world today?
2. Show how the teachings of Alma to his sons bore fruit.
3. How do you account for the lack of jealousy among the great Nephite leaders?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 32: ". . . My Soul Standeth Fast in That Liberty in the Which God Hath Made Us Free" (Alma 61:9).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, May 3, 1955

Objective: To show that we must hold fast to that God-given liberty which ensures our freedom.

LIBERTY is a privilege for which men have fought and died since the beginning of time. And why have men been so tenacious in defense of this privilege? Because liberty is the God-given right of every individual, and there is inherent within man the desire to act for himself. The plan of salvation was founded upon the principle that man is an agent unto himself, and only by his own volition may he advance.

But liberty is often confused with license. Liberty gives one the right to do as he wishes only in so far as he does not infringe upon the rights of others, while license may mean the abuse of freedom, or freedom used in contempt of law.

There are two aspects to be considered regarding liberty: the freedom to act, and the responsibility that liberty imposes. Often we think only of the first, and give little consideration to the latter. We may be free to act but not free to avert the consequences of our actions — they

are irrevocable. No one can deny us the right to do as we wish, but each person must pay the price of doing as he wishes. Brother Richard L. Evans says, "All men have the God-given right to think and believe as they will, and all men have the God-given responsibility to render an accounting sometime, somewhere, for those things which they choose to think and believe."

Repeatedly we hear people say, "I want to live my own life," or "It is my own life, isn't it?" — to which we may observe, "It is your own life to live as you wish, if you do not touch the lives of others, but others may easily be influenced for good or ill by your actions." This is part of the responsibility incurred by the possessor of liberty.

Physical liberty is greatly to be desired and to be defended, but far more importnat is liberty of the mind and spirit. To be in bondage to sin is spiritual imprisonment. The Lord said:

> Abide ye in the liberty wherewith ye are made free; entangle not yourselves in sin, but let your hands be clean, until the Lord comes (D. & C. 88:86).

Obedience to the law is the means by which we may continue to stand fast in liberty.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 8—Utensils for Surface Cookery

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, May 10, 1955

HAVING the right utensils can make the difference between a happy and an unhappy homemaker, and a successful or unsuccessful cook.

There are many things to be considered in buying utensils for surface cooking. The size of the pan should be proportional to the amount of food to be cooked. Pans nearly the same size as the elements over which they are to be placed will insure the most economical use of heat.

One utensil with a number of uses is a better choice than several suited to only one job. A rounded union on the inside of a pan simplifies cleaning. A lip on at least one side is a convenience when pouring liquids. If the cover is to be tight-fitting, either the pan or the cover must have a beveled edge. A close-fitting cover permits the maintenance of the boiling temperature when low heat is used.

Handles of heat-resistant material insure safety. One should make sure that the handle is guaranteed to last as long as the kettle or pan

and that it will not come loose. A handle too long may overbalance the pan or get in the cook's way. One that is too short increases possibility of burns.

The most frequently used materials for surface cookery are aluminum, copper, glass, enamelware, and stainless steel. There is no one best kind of material for all uses, but each has qualities that make it particularly best suited for specific uses.

Aluminum is the most widely used saucepan material and is moderate in cost. Aluminum retains heat well at a low temperature. It also heats more quickly than steel or iron and thereby saves time. Since it is a good conductor of heat there is less danger of food sticking, when little or no water is added to fruit or vegetables. Experiments conducted by the United States Department of Health and Johns Hopkins and other universities entirely discredit the theory that cancer or other diseases may be caused by foods cooked in aluminum utensils.

If food sticks to an aluminum pan, first try soaking. Should scouring be necessary, use steel wool, or a mild abrasive such as whiting (obtainable at most hardware stores). If an aluminum pan becomes a little discolored, boil something acid in it, such as water with a little vinegar or cream of tartar, or cook some slightly acid food, such as tomatoes or tart apples in the pan. This will brighten the pan and not harm the food. The best practice in the care of aluminum is to give it proper care each time it is used, and you will not have to resort to drastic cleaning measures.

Copper is more expensive than other materials and requires constant care to keep it bright. Some manufacturers apply copper to the bottom of utensils made of stainless steel to improve evenness of heating. This combination makes for a more efficient utensil. For regular care, wash copper utensils with hot soapy water immediately after using them. Dry carefully and thoroughly. Copper utensils sometimes develop spots and become tarnished. These cannot always be removed with regular cleaning agents. Try rubbing them with hot vinegar and salt, lemon rind and salt, or hot buttermilk. Do not overheat a dry copper utensil or the copper will come off like powder.

Glass is comparatively easy to clean, inexpensive, and holds heat well. However, it conducts heat poorly, therefore, breaks easily. The main advantage of glass is its transparency.

Enamelware is glass fused onto a steel base by firing at a high temperature. Therefore, as with glass, care must be used to see that it does not boil dry or receive hard knocks. Enamel lids do not fit tightly, and this is a disadvantage in vegetable cookery. Food sticks to the bottom because of uneven heat distribution. The price is a factor in its favor. When food is burned or stuck on, soak the utensil in water before trying to clean it. Avoid sharp scrapers and do not use steel wool or a coarse scouring powder. Enamelware and graniteware can be cleaned simply by washing with mild soap and water.

Ironware gives an even spread and good retention of heat, making it desirable for slow cooking. Its weight, color, and hot handles are disadvan-

tages. It will rust if not kept dry. Ironware seldom needs more care than a good wash in hot soapy water. You can scour it with steel wool and use a strong alkaline soap or water softener to remove grease. You may have an iron utensil that you use only a few times a year. To prevent rust from forming, put a thin coat of fat on it, then wrap in paper and put away in a dry place.

Stainless steel utensils are increasing in popularity because improved evenness of cooking has been achieved by applying aluminum or copper to the undersurface or by using a special heat distributing core between two sheets of steel. Utensils made entirely of stainless steel form hot spots and cause food to stick because of uneven distribution of heat. Stainless steel is easily cleaned, is very durable and resistant to pitting. The high cost may be a disadvantage. It may be cleaned with a gritless cleaning powder, such as whiting, or extremely fine steel wool. It usually requires only mild cleaning methods.

A minimum number of well-chosen utensils in various materials may serve a homemaker better than a larger set all of one type of material. Slow cooking of food under a watchful eye and for the minimum time saves energy, time, and wear on pans, as well as preserving food nutrients and flavor. "Proper care means longer wear."

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Did you "buy" or were you "sold" a large part of your kitchen utensils? What was the strongest motive in your buying them—actual need or high pressure salesmanship?

2. What utensils do you use frequently enough to justify the price you paid and the storage space they use?

3. Allow time for adequate discussion.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 48—Matthew Arnold (1822-1888)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 726-748; 527-561)

For Tuesday, May 17, 1955

Objective: To weigh and consider Matthew Arnold's considerable contribution to English literature.

One of the wisest men of our day, Judge Learned Hand, has not presumed to define liberty, but he has stated his own faith regarding it:

> The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own wthout bias. . . .

Only in such a spirit are we ready to be taught; to be enriched; to

grow; and we should approach Matthew Arnold in this spirit, as we should approach literatures of all times and peoples.

Matthew Arnold is not everyone's favorite author. Throughout his life he maintained a personal aloofness which was both conscious and deliberate; to maintain this same interval between himself and later generations he directed that no biography be written, and he destroyed all papers save a few letters and his published works: it was in these that he wanted to live. Richly his wish has been fulfilled. Whatever phase of Victorian life we may choose to consider, there he stands confronting us, too considerable to be ignored, too penetrating to be silenced.

Some have found Arnold to be the prophet of despair; for others he championed excellence and truth. All agree to his largeness and sincerity and depth. In his monumental work in the English schools, in his poetry, and in his critical writings, there is a grand unity. Firm in his belief that "conduct is three-fourths of life," Arnold, more nearly than any of his contemporaries, exemplified in his own life the classical virtues he so loved: "to think clearly, to feel nobly, and to delineate firmly."

If the mature Arnold spent his energies fighting to uphold the best, he was but fulfilling the pattern established by his father, Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster at Rugby school, and the most dominant teacher and personal influence young Arnold knew. Thomas believed completely in the virtues of a truly classical, liberal education. This strong belief in the need for

A Perry Picture

MATTHEW ARNOLD
1822-1888

traditional standards was bequeathed in full measure upon his son Matthew.

After leaving Rugby, young "Matt" attended Oxford, graduating in 1844. He taught for a time, then for two years he lived in the realm of politics and power as secretary to Lord Lansdowne. But Arnold was not content amid these values, and furthermore he was in love and long engaged. In need of permanent income, he accepted, when, in 1847, Lord Lansdowne secured him a position as inspector of schools. For the next forty years he traveled England and the continent, examining students for scholastic proficiency and constantly making recommendations which would give to the great English middle classes a thorough, free education compa-

rable in quality to schooling obtainable in Germany and France. When he retired he was highly esteemed by teachers and administrators alike.

As a student Arnold had felt the great power of poetry, and had dedicated his life to it by keeping himself distant from his fellow students, since he felt their values would not help him in his poetic ambitions. After he became inspector he continued writing poetry, and at the beginning of each year he meticulously noted the books he intended to read. As he read each one in a few moments snatched in bumping railway cars, stations, and miserable hotels, he carefully crossed its title off. He copied from his readings the great and rewarding thoughts and systematically *contemplated* these throughout his life. In 1857 he was honored by being appointed to the chair of poetry at Oxford, where he lectured three or four times yearly for the next decade, the first in his position to give the lectures in English rather than in Latin. After his fortieth year he wrote little poetry, devoting most of his energies to criticism, not only in literary matters, but in politics, religion, and economics.

His marriage was evidently a happy one. When he retired from his school position in 1886 at age sixty-six, his pension was not adequate, so, at the suggestion of Henry James and other friends, he made a lecture tour of America. He made money and was well received, at the same time enjoying himself immensely.

His entire life was vigorous. At age sixty-five, still following his lifelong liking for exercise, he went skating; at sixty-six he continued to go swimming. But his health began to fail after his retirement, and he died suddenly in 1888 at the pier while welcoming his daughter and grandchildren home from an American port.

Arnold's Creed

In one of the great periods of dynamic change in western history, Matthew Arnold refused to believe that a value is valuable merely because it is new. True to his classical training, he found more of the *best* in the culture of ancient Greece than he did in his contemporary world.

Imagine, if you will, Matthew Arnold circulating a questionnaire in his official capacity as your superintendent of schools. It is concerned with the TV habits of high school students. Suppose he were to receive the following answers (as did an enquiring teacher in a 1953 survey): "I'd rather sit and look than sit and exercise my brain." "Mr. Arnold, I suffer when I read." "A masterpiece is something you don't understand." "Who wants to read? It makes you feel sissified." Here, in chronic form, is our modern intensification of the symptoms Arnold feared.

Like the legions of courageous souls who founded both our own nation and our own Church, Matthew Arnold looked about him and found almost everywhere absent his concept of the Ideal. The Real as he saw it was not encouraging: smugness, hypocrisy, self-righteousness; worship of success, wealth, energy, things; a rampant individuality so uninformed, headstrong, and extreme as to have little concern for quality and excellence.

To such a generation Arnold's

constant message was, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is within you." Arnold knew full well that men cannot be driven either to Perfection or Heaven, but the passion of his life, both in his private actions as in his writings, was his belief in the values of education.

Both within himself and his age Arnold acknowledged a great decline in faith. The most tragic result of this loss, Arnold felt, was that it made Man something less than complete—he became disunified, both within himself and within the society which produced him. For Arnold was profoundly convinced that man is not saved alone, but within the society or culture of which he is a part.

The vision of the Ideal can come only from an inward excellence—the greatest virtue in life, but the most difficult to earn. "As the Greek poet long ago said, 'excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her'" (text, p. 558, lines 44-47). But if, through education, man attains this excellence, or culture, or rightness, then the awareness of perfection lies directly ahead. And for him perfection is *the* goal:

> Not a having and a resting but a growing and a becoming, is the character of perfection as culture conceives it . . . and individual perfection is impossible so long as the rest of mankind is not perfected along with us.

When such lofty goals are presented throughout a lifetime, in words memorable for clarity, intensity, honesty, and sincerity, we can then begin to realize the great influence of Arnold upon the Victorian Age.

Arnold's Poetry

Arnold's poetry is the direct opposite of Tennyson's: rarely rich, it is always true. Sometimes, however, the truth it reveals is Arnold's own sense of being a fragment—of being a solitary part of a larger whole never to be realized, either within his own life or in his writings. His poems reveal his sense of loss; they also record his intense search for calm, for peace, for insight and intelligence in an age of turmoil and uncertainty. Because he probes searchingly into the depths and mysteries of existence, and does this with clarity and power, his poems can bring each of us to a richer awareness of self, and of one's own immediate life.

Let us look briefly at four of his poems. Their stanza form is no more involved than the metrical pattern; their tone is quiet and subdued, even gray and melancholy, but a tone perfectly controlled, and uniform throughout.

In his "Quiet Work" (text, page 726) Arnold praises the two duties of working constantly and at the same time tranquilly. Here is Arnold's distrust of the superficial and greedy values of his world, and his affirmation of the rare values of patience and unpublicized examination of life's problems.

One of his most famous poems is "The Scholar-Gypsy" (text, pp. 734-739), which exemplifies the classical restraint and disciplined, polished lines of Arnold. He tells of a scholar who, more than two hundred years ago, left his books to join a band of gypsies. In escaping with them into nature and a serene singleness of purpose, he found a life filled with peace, meaning, and

unity. The immediate loveliness of Arnold's nature scenes recalls his own happy days at Oxford when nature sustained him, and man was good. Lovingly, almost jealously, Arnold recalls the many haunts where this scholar-gypsy spent his idyllic days:

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
(text, p. 736, lines 101-104)

He envies the unity and peace of such a life, whereas our lives are worn out by change, and shocks, and a thousand schemes. The gypsy is:

Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
O life unlike to ours! [We]
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope. . . .
(text, p. 737, lines 164-170)

He then warns the gypsy to flee.

Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its head o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts. . . .
(text, p. 738, lines 203-205)

This same beautiful, reminiscent tone of longing for peace amid nature's charms is continued and intensified in "Thyrsis" (text, pp. 739-743) one of the great English elegies, written in remembrance of his schoolmate and friend, Arthur Clough. Likewise "Rugby Chapel" (text, pp. 745-747) recalls happy schooldays, but it is dedicated to his father, Thomas Arnold. Written fifteen years after his death, the poem radiates the buoyant warmth of his father's personality, his intense love for the best throughout all time, his great power to "fill up the gaps in our files," to encourage lesser men to go on to the City of God:

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone. . . .
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past. . . .
. . . souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.
(text, p. 746, lines 145 ff.)

Rarely has a more noble monument to a father been erected and immortalized by a son.

Arnold's most famous poem is "Dover Beach," since it contains both a flawless statement of his poetic art and the moving revelation of Arnold's own loneliness and his need for human warmth in an age devoid of faith, an age where nevertheless men fight and die ignorant of reason or need.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.
(text, p. 744, lines 29-37)

Arnold's Essays

In 1880, when he was fifty-seven, Arnold published "The Study of Poetry" (text, page 552) as an introduction to an anthology. This essay

contains Arnold's definition of poetry (page 552), his touchstone method of determining whether poetry is of the highest quality (pp. 553-557), his definition of a classic (page 554), and the difference between poetry and history. Poetry he defines, in the words of Wordsworth, as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." The only *real* estimate of poetry must be free of the *personal* estimate, in which the individual's own tastes and prejudices prevent him from seeing the enduring poetic values, as well as the *historical* estimate, or poetry which has become great merely because of its historical place. In evaluating poetry, then, Arnold suggests it be compared to passages which have proved themselves through time, and cites several passages or "touchstones" of high poetic value (page 557). Only by comparing newer poetry with these lines of classical power and purity can true poetry be identified.

While many of their more important ideas have already been mentioned in this lesson, the two essays in our text, "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" (text, pp. 529-544) and "Culture and Anarchy" (text, pp. 544-551) will prove rewarding to those who really accept Arnold's concept of excellence and therefore read him at first hand. While criticism is lower than creation, it "is the true function of man" (text, page 530).

Instead of believing in the values of the contemporary bustle, Arnold agrees with Goethe: "To act is so easy; to think is so hard" (text, page 559). Action based on thought is the way to salvation, but this preliminary critical thinking, because it is hard, will never become popular. After finding very little that is best in England, Arnold gives his version of happiness:

> . . . to have the sense of creative activity is the great happiness and the great proof of being alive, and it is not denied to criticism to have it; but then criticism must be sincere, simple, flexible, ardent, ever widening its knowledge.

The selection in our text from "Culture and Anarchy" (pp. 544-551) distinguishes between Hebraism (energy, or practical doing), and Hellenism (intelligence, or contemplation), as Arnold sees these trends working about him in Victorian England.

Arnold's prose, like Arnold himself, is clear, balanced, keen, penetrating, courageous, and idealistic. Like him, also, it compromises with nothing less than the pursuit of the best throughout all time. For a man of such stature as Arnold's there will ever be a crying need, whether he lived on the shores of the Aegean, on the Thames in Victorian England, or in the world of tomorrow. Meeting such a man deepens and strengthens us, for he forces us to come face to face with many of the universal experiences and conflicts of mortality in a world of growing frustration and complexity.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Do you think Matthew Arnold might be described fairly as being only an educator?
2. Why is loneliness so ominous a symptom to Arnold?
3. Why did he find so little of the best in Victorian England? Where did he find the best?
4. What is the definition of a touchstone?
5. Discuss Arnold's definition and function of criticism; of poetry.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

(It is recommended that each Relief Society member read the text of the Constitution relating to each lesson as printed before the lesson)

Article XVI

The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

Article XVII

The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, elected by the people thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.

The electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State legislatures.

When vacancies happen in the representation of any State in the Senate, the executive authority of such State shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies; Provided, that the legislature of any State may empower the executive thereof to make temporary appointment until the people fill the vacancies by election as the legislature may direct.

This Amendment shall not be so construed as to affect the election or term of any Senator chosen before it becomes valid as part of the Constitution.

Article XVIII

Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

Section 2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Section 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

Article XIX

Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation.

Article XX

Section 1. The terms of the President and Vice-President shall end at noon on the 20th day of January, and the terms of Senators and Representatives at noon on the third day of January, of the years in which such terms would have ended if this Article had not been ratified; and the terms of their successors shall then begin.

Section 2. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall begin at noon on the third day of January, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

Section 3. If, at the time fixed for the beginning of the term of the President, the President Elect shall have died, the Vice-President Elect shall become President. If a President shall not have been chosen before the time fixed for the beginning of his term, or if the President Elect shall have failed to qualify, then the Vice-President Elect shall act as President until a President shall have qualified; and the Congress may by law provide for the case wherein neither a President Elect nor a Vice-President Elect shall

have qualified, declaring who shall then act as President, or the manner in which one who is to act shall be selected, and such person shall act accordingly until a President or Vice-President shall have qualified.

Section 4. The Congress may by law provide for the case of the death of any of the persons from whom the House of Representatives may choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall have devolved upon them, and for the case of the death of any of the persons from whom the Senate may choose a Vice-President whenever the right of choice shall have devolved upon them.

Section 5. Section 1 and 2 shall take effect on the fifteenth day of October following the ratification of this Article.

Section 6. This Article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an Amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States within seven years from the date of its submission.

ARTICLE XXI

Section 1. The Eighteenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is hereby repealed.

Section 2. The transportation or importation into any State, Territory, or Possession of the United States for delivery therein of Intoxicating Liquors, in violation of the laws thereof, is hereby prohibited.

Section 3. This Article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an Amendment to the Constitution by Conventions in the several States, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

ARTICLE XXII

Section 1. No person shall be elected to the office of the President more than twice, and no person who has held the office of President, or acted as President, for more than two years of a term to which some other person was elected President shall be elected to the office of President more than once. But this Article shall not apply to any person holding the office of President when this Article was proposed by the Congress, and shall not prevent any person who may be holding the office of President, or acting as President, during the term within which this Article becomes operative from holding the office of President, or acting as President during the remainder of such term.

Section 2. This Article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the legislature of three-fourths of the several States within seven years from the date of its submission to the States by Congress.

Lesson 14—Amendments Sixteen Through Twenty-Two

Elder Albert R. Bowen

Texts: *Your Rugged Constitution*, (*Y. R. C.*), pp. 238-269; *The Constitution of the United States, Its Sources and Application*, (*C. of U. S.*), pp. 251-263

For Tuesday, May 24, 1955

Objective: To study the Amendments to the Constitution since 1913.

Power of Congress to Tax Incomes —Sixteenth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 238-239; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 251-252)

The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

IN 1895, Congress attempted to pass an income tax law. This law was held to be unconstitutional because being a direct tax within the meaning of the Constitution, it was not made proportional in its application. Being a direct tax, in order for the law to be valid in

conformity with the Constitution, it was required to be levied upon the basis of population.

An income tax would be both unfair and unworkable levied upon a basis of population because this requirement would place upon the people of the states with large populations a much greater tax burden than upon citizens or residents of states with small populations. The Sixteenth Amendment was adopted in 1913 to overcome the Constitutional objection of apportionment among the several states.

The income tax laws began by providing only a small percentage of the revenue of the United States Government. This tax has now grown to the proportion of yielding by far the greatest percentage of tax revenue than from all other sources of taxation combined. Furthermore, the rates of taxation have tremendously increased until the income tax has come to be regarded by many serious thinking people, as confiscatory in its effect.

There is a resolution now pending in Congress to limit the power of Congress in the percentage of income which it may tax, except under certain emergency conditions. This resolution has been adopted by several states and it is not inconceivable that it may be adopted as a limitation upon the taxing power of Congress.

Direct Election of Senators—Seventeenth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 240-241; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 252-253)

Reference has already been made to the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution which was adopted in May of 1913. It provides for the direct election of members of the Senate of the United States by the voters themselves, instead of by the various state legislatures as provided in Article I, section 3. This Amendment was the source of long and protracted debate which began as early as 1826. Because the Amendment makes no significant change in constitutional rights or guarantees, it is not of great importance to understand more than its substance and, therefore, its text is omitted from this lesson.

Prohibition of Intoxicating Liquors —Eighteenth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.*, page 242; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 254-256)

The Eighteenth Amendment is no longer part of the Constitution. Consequently there is nothing to be gained in quoting its provisions. It was the Amendment which provided for the prohibition of the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors, or their importation or exportation into, from, or within the United States. It was adopted January 29, 1919 and was repealed December 5, 1933 by the adoption of the Twenty-First Amendment.

The history of the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcement was a stormy one and forms one of the saddest stories of lawlessness and corrpution in the history of our country. It was designed to protect the citizens of the country against the ravages of alcohol with the accompanying degradation and crime connected with its manufacture, distribution, and use. It may be argued that the Amendment was a failure. Its faithful observance and proper enforcement, however, would have brought untold bless-

ings in health, civic, and economic improvement to the people of the country.

Voting Rights to Women — Nineteenth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 244-245; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 256-257)

Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

Section 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation.

It seems strange to us now that a Civil War should be fought to free the slave, and the Constitution amended to give him the right to vote, and that this latter fundamental right of citizenship should be denied to any citizen on the ground of sex. The movement to remove the voting disability from women began in 1878 under the leadership of Susan B. Anthony. This was forty years before the Nineteenth Amendment was finally adopted. Before woman suffrage became national in scope, it had been adopted in several states. It became law in Wyoming in 1869, in Colorado in 1893, and in Utah and Idaho in 1896. (See *Centenary of Relief Society*, pp. 65-67.) The State of Montana elected the first woman to Congress in 1916. She was Miss Jeannette Rankin.

This Amendment does not take from the states the right to fix qualifications for voters. It merely provides that this right may not be denied on the ground of sex, even as the Fifteenth Amendment prohibits a denial of suffrage upon the ground of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

Terms of Office Changed — Twentieth Amendment, (*Y. R. C.*, pp. 246-249; *C. of U. S.*, pp. 258-260)

Section 1. The terms of the President and Vice President shall end at noon on the 20th day of January, and the terms of Senators and Representatives at noon on the third day of January, of the years in which such terms would have ended if this article had not been ratified; and the terms of their successors shall then begin.

Section 2. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meetings shall begin at noon on the third day of January, unless they shall by law appoint a different day.

There are three other sections to the Twentieth Amendment. Section three provides for the succession in the Presidency and Vice-Presidency in the event either or both have not been elected, or shall fail to qualify on the day fixed for entering upon the duties of those offices. Section four provides that the House of Representatives may, by law, provide for the contingency of death of any of the persons from whom it may choose a President whenever the right of choice devolves upon them, and gives to the Senate the same right in its choice of a Vice-President under similar circumstances.

Sections five and six merely provide for the time when the Amendment shall become effective and places a time limit upon ratification of seven years from the date of submission.

The Twentieth Amendment was proposed March 3, 1932 and ratified February 6, 1933.

Section one of the Twentieth Amendment is what is known as the "Lame Duck Amendment." Its purpose was to provide a Congress ready to function with a new Presi-

dent when he takes office. Under the provisions of the Constitution, prior to this Amendment, there was a period from December to March following the national election, during which the old Congress remained in office, even though it contained members who had been rejected by the voters. It was the practice of the President, at the beginning of his term, to call a special session of Congress to convene at the time he took office in order that necessary legislative matters would not have to wait until the regular session convened in the December following the inauguration, as provided by the Constitution as originally adopted. In the early history of the country, traveling conditions were poor and the time was needed to assemble the members of Congress from the distant parts of the country. In our modern day the members can be in Washington in a matter of hours from any part of the country. The Twentieth Amendment is, therefore, but a recognition of changed times and conditions, and makes it possible for a new President to begin his term of office with a Legislative branch in Congress which is truly representative of the wishes of a majority of the voters.

Repeal of Eighteenth Amendment —Twenty-First Amendment (Y. R. C., pp. 250-251; C. of U. S., pp. 261-263)

Section 1. The Eighteenth Article of Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is hereby repealed.

Section 2. The transportation or importation into any State, Territory, or Possession of the United States for delivery therein of Intoxicating Liquors, in violation of the laws thereof, is hereby prohibited.

Reference to the Twenty-First Amendment was made in the discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment. It need only be added that the Eighteenth Amendment is the only Amendment to the Constitution which has ever been repudiated by the people. Under the Twenty-First Amendment it is still unlawful to transport liquor into any state for delivery in violation of the laws controlling its manufacture, sale, distribution or use in such state.

Limitation on Term of Office of the President — Twenty-Second Amendment, (Y. R. C., pp. 252-253)

Section 1. No person shall be elected to the office of the President more than twice, and no person who has held the office of President, or acted as President for more than two years of a term to which some other person was elected President shall be elected to the office of President more than once. But this Article shall not apply to any person holding the office of President when this Article was proposed by Congress, and shall not prevent any person who may be holding the office of President, or acting as President, during the term within which this Article becomes operative from holding the office of President, or acting as President during the remainder of such term.

The Twenty-Second Amendment to the Constitution became effective February 26, 1951. This Amendment was the direct result of the controversy which arose because of the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt to four consecutive terms of office in the Presidency. Traditionally, no candidate had ever been elected to that office more than twice. The precedent against a third or fourth term as President was set in the beginning by George Washington, the First President of the United States. The Twenty-

Second Amendment will prevent any other aspirant to this office from duplicating the record of the second Roosevelt. Regardless of the merits of a man and his capability for the great office, it is generally agreed that it is politically unwholesome for any man, no matter how capable or honest he may be, to hold the office of President more than two consecutive terms.

The Pursuit of Happiness (Y. R. C., pp. 256-269)

As beneficiaries of our great legacy, all citizens of the United States should know, understand, and appreciate the priceless freedoms which the Constitution guarantees to us. Yours is the obligation to protect those rights! Among them are:

Freedom to worship according to your religious belief.

Freedom of speech.

Freedom of the press.

Freedom to assemble peaceably and petition Congress for a redress of grievances.

The right to keep and bear arms.

The right to trial by jury.

Protection against having one's property searched or seized without due process of law.

Protection against trial for an act committed before the passage of a law making such act a crime.

Protection from being tried for a crime except upon indictment from a grand jury.

Protection against being twice "put in jeopardy of life or limb" for the same offense.

Protection from being compelled to act as a witness against oneself in a criminal case.

The right, when accused of crime, to a speedy public trial by jury; to the help of a lawyer; and the right to call witnesses in your behalf.

Protection against wrongful imprisonment.

Protection against the requirement of excessive bail, excessive fines, or the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments.

Equal protection of the laws.

The right to be presumed to be innocent until proved guilty.

The right of secret ballot to vote for anyone you want, not to be denied in any state on account of race, color, previous condition of servitude, or of sex.

Protection by the American system of "checks and balances," under which each department of Government works independently of the other and is prevented from gaining too much power.

Meaning of Liberty — The Supreme Court of the United States has defined liberty as meaning the right of the citizen to be free in the enjoyment of all of his faculties—that is, his talents, gifts, and abilities, whether natural or cultivated; to be free to use them in all lawful ways; to live and work where he will; to earn his

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livelihood by any lawful calling; to pursue any livelihood or vocation—that is, calling, occupation, profession, or employment; and to enter into all contracts necessary and proper in carrying out these rights.

Questions on the Lesson

1. Why was the income tax unlawful before the Sixteenth Amendment?
2. How did the Seventeenth Amendment affect the election of Senators of the United States?
3. Has any Amendment to the Constitution ever been repealed? Which one?
4. May the states determine the qualifications of voters under the Nineteenth Amendment?
5. By what popular name is the Twentieth Amendment known?
6. What event brought about the adoption of the Twenty-Second Amendment?

Antidote

Catherine E. Berry

My house has never been so clean,
My floors so shiny bright,
Each shelf and cabinet primly neat,
No clutter left in sight.

This is no sudden urge to be
Domestic on my part,
But just a woman's way to numb
The pain within her heart.

Winter Afternoon

Christie Lund Coles

Here is a hushed, brief moment
Of gray and timeless weather;
The sky is like a speckled mare
Held ominously at tether;

The earth is like a charcoal scene
From a children's picture book;
The air is as cool as the crystal
Caught in last summer's brook.

The snow is like the silken fluff
From a milkweed pod, new-broken,
As it falls in exclamation points
Where winter has spoken.

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Mama's Plants

Klea Evans Worsley

MAMA had a way with plants.

As soon as the contents of a lard bucket had been made into flaky apple pies, baking powder biscuits, or peach cobblers, Mama punched some holes in the bottom, put in small pebbles, and then filled it with rich loam from under the Saginaw pine tree by the dining-room window. Next, she tenderly broke off a piece of one of the geraniums in the front-room window, or the coleus, whose brilliant colors brightened the winter days in the kitchen. It seemed that all she did was stick the new shoots unconcernedly into the dirt, but they always took root and grew. This went on and on until every window sill in the house was full of plants in various stages of growth. No one ever knew why they flourished so under her care, except we all knew she sort of loved them along.

Mama enjoyed sharing her plants. Whenever one of the children in the valley was ill and had to be in bed for a long time, Mama took a small can and planted a child-size plant, covered the can with gay tissue carefully saved from the Christmas package, and left it at the bedside where a restless child might watch it grow. If we had company, and one of the ladies admired the plants, or even hinted that she would like a "start," mama's face beamed with happiness, and nothing would do but she would wrap a generous cutting in a damp cloth, and put that in a paper cone made from a page of the *Valley Independent*. We never could see that the plants seemed to mind such pruning. In fact, two or three branches always shot up where one had been before.

Great-Aunt Mattie was quite good with plants, too. Her husband, Great-Uncle Homer had more money than Papa, and Aunt Mattie brought "boughten" plants home from town, plants that had flowers on them almost as pretty as those in the seed catalogues.

Whenever Aunt Mattie came to our house she hardly had her coat off before she went around poking her pudgy fingers into the dirt around the plants and saying: "M'liss, this scented geranium is drooping a little, don't you think?" or "The bloom on your Martha Washington geranium isn't quite as large as it was last year, is it, M'liss?"

No one dared ask Great-Aunt Mattie for a start of her plants. She let it be known that she wasn't running a nursery for anybody, and if people wanted plants they could buy them like she did. Papa said that if the President of the United States himself asked Mattie for a start of her commonest geranium she would turn him down. Once Aunt Sarah snipped off a piece of the salmon-colored geranium when Great-Aunt Mattie wasn't looking, and hid it up her sleeve. But somehow, when she was at the door saying goodbye, it fell down right at Great-Aunt Mattie's feet. They didn't speak for over a year after that.

Well, they are both gone now, but we seldom go to any of the homes in the valley without seeing one of Mama's plants blooming on a window sill.

Yes, Mama had a way with plants.

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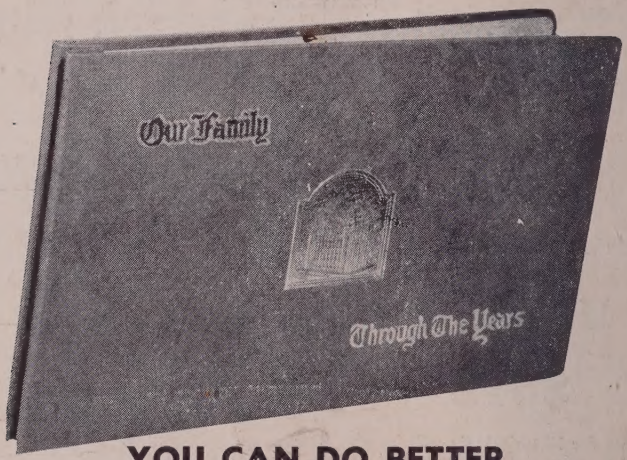

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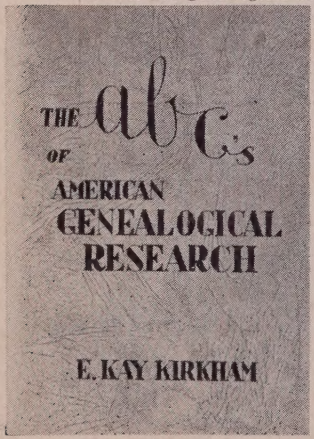

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